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# PUNCH



NOVEMBER

2

1949

Vol. CCXVII  
No. 5683

PUNCH OFFICE  
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



*"...and please  
bring Mummy  
a new  
Hoover"*

Johnnie's quite right. Nothing could possibly please Mummy more than a new Hoover Cleaner. But, Father Christmas please note, it must be a Hoover because they do so much *more* than ordinary vacuum cleaners. They keep carpets clean and colourful — *prolong their life, too!*

**NOTE FOR DAD!** She deserves the best, so give Father Christmas a helping hand. See your Hoover Dealer *now*. Prices complete with cleaning tools, from 10 gns. to 22 gns. (plus tax). Many dealers offer hire purchase terms.



The latest Hoover Cleaner. The marvellous new model 612.

*The* **HOOVER**  
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER  
*It BEATS... all it Sucks... all it Cleans*

HOOVER LIMITED • PERIVALE • GREENFORD • MIDDLESEX

*Sleeped in the shoemakers' craft*



by

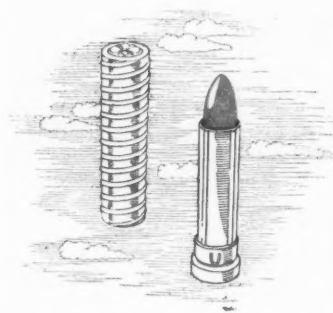
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Northampton

For Ladies' Shoes by CROCKETT & JONES, LTD., Northampton, ask for *www* brand

CVS24

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OWN GOOD LOOKS



**For  
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The lips are the focal point of a lovely face. Your lipstick should be a perfect foil for your eyes, your skin-tone or your hair. And how easy it is to choose a flattering shade from the eight artist-blended Yardley colours! They run the gamut from natural rose to sophisticated burgundy. Among them is one or more that will help you put your best face forward. And you'll give Yardley lipstick the highest mark for staying power. Price including purchase tax 6/6

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SAT - NOV 5<sup>th</sup>

Made by **ABDULLA** for those  
who prefer the American style of blend

# -Christmas Presents-

Write for  
illustrated catalogue  
of

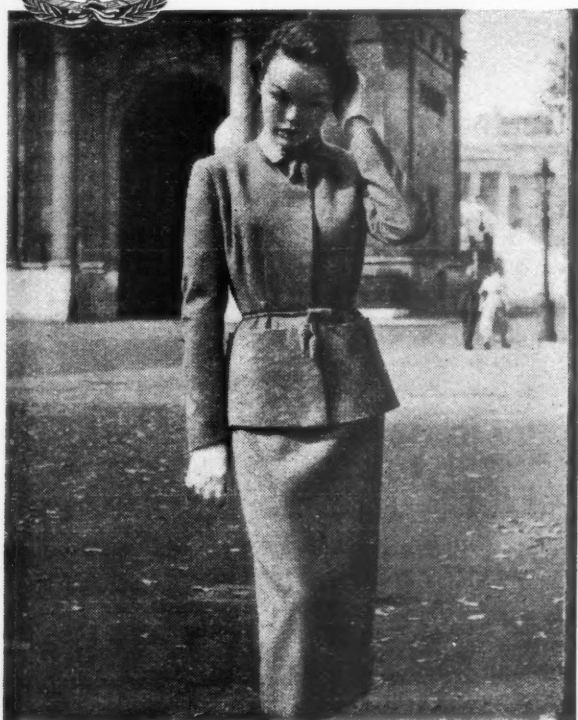
Scarves  
by

**Jacqmar**

16, Grosvenor Street London. W.1.

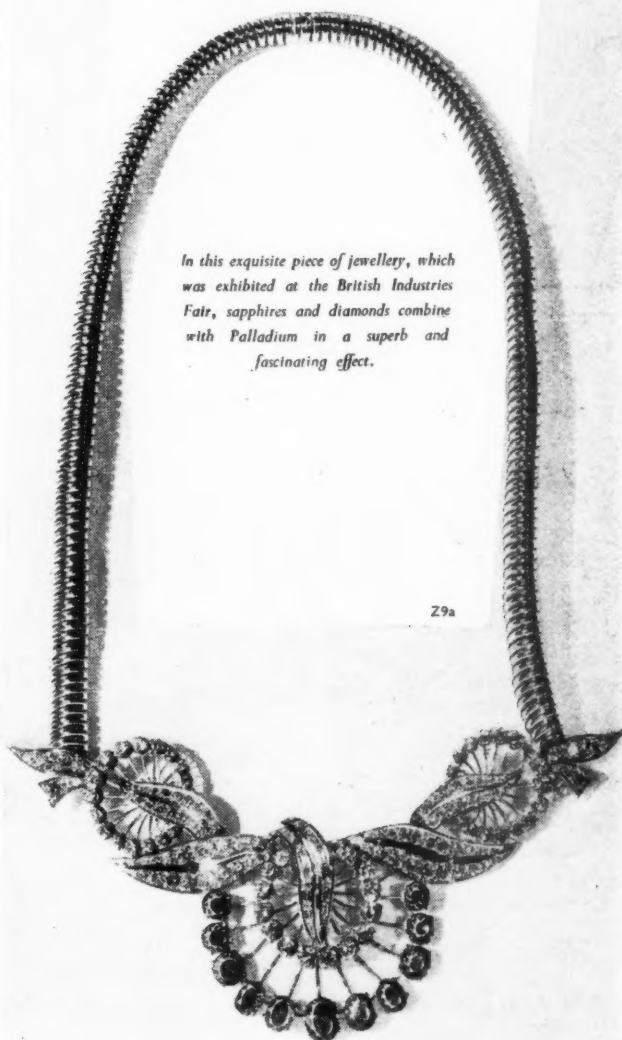


*Suit in fine herringbone tweed  
from the Dorville Collection  
Obtainable at most fine stores*



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Gold, platinum. . . and palladium—  
three precious metals for fine  
jewellery. Palladium, rarer than  
gold and having the whiteness  
characteristic of platinum, is  
lighter and less costly than  
either. Ask your jeweller about  
Palladium for modern settings.



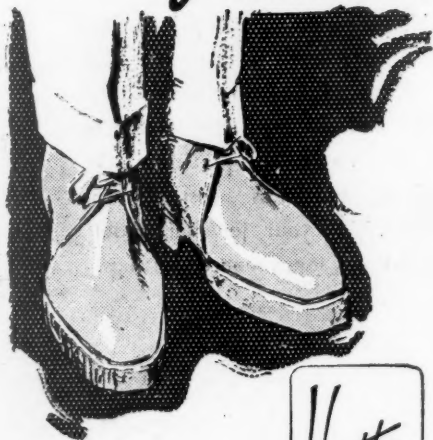
*In this exquisite piece of jewellery, which  
was exhibited at the British Industries  
Fair, sapphires and diamonds combine  
with Palladium in a superb and  
fascinating effect.*

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PLATINUM METALS DIVISION  
The Mond Nickel Company Limited  
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1



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**Play-Boy**  
'CHUKKA' BOOT



WITH INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION & RETRACTABLE WHEELS

Here is the Golf Cart which not only takes the drudgery out of golf; it is the last word in refinements—on and off the course.

Adjustable handle and correct balance for easy wheeling... air cushion tyres with independent suspension of each retractable wheel, protect your clubs from jolts. Clubs ready for selection. No mud and damp on your bag or clothes.

At the nineteenth hole just touch the fingertip patent release, and the wheels fold away round the bag; the handle folds down, and in six seconds it is ready to stow away—in almost the same space as your bag.

Precision constructed of rust-proof dural and aluminium, it weighs only 13 lbs. You'll be as proud of your Bag Boy as you are of your clubs.

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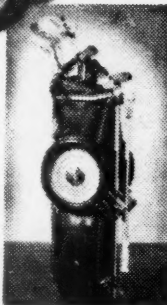


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FOLDS AWAY  
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13" d.) into your  
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your car.

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Order through your  
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*De Luxe* RAZOR SET  
AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT



Every man will be proud to receive an Ever-Ready De Luxe Razor Set this Xmas.

And no wonder — with an Ever-Ready Razor fitted with Ever-Ready CorruX Blades he is certain of perfect speedy shaving every morning of his life. Remember there are no loose parts to annoy during the early morning rush. Just a flick — and the Ever-Ready Razor is ready for shaving or cleaning.

**Ever-Ready de luxe SET**

with 6 Ever-Ready

**CORRUX** Blades

COMPLETE  
TAX PAID

**5/3**



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ONE PIECE Snap-Action RAZOR

WITH THE MARVELLOUS Ever-Ready **CORRUX** Blade

**OTHER ITEMS IN THE EVER-READY XMAS GIFT RANGE**

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THE  
FIRM



THE  
STAFF

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LOYALTY**

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(M. . .)

Address

P.15

For the attention of Mr. ....





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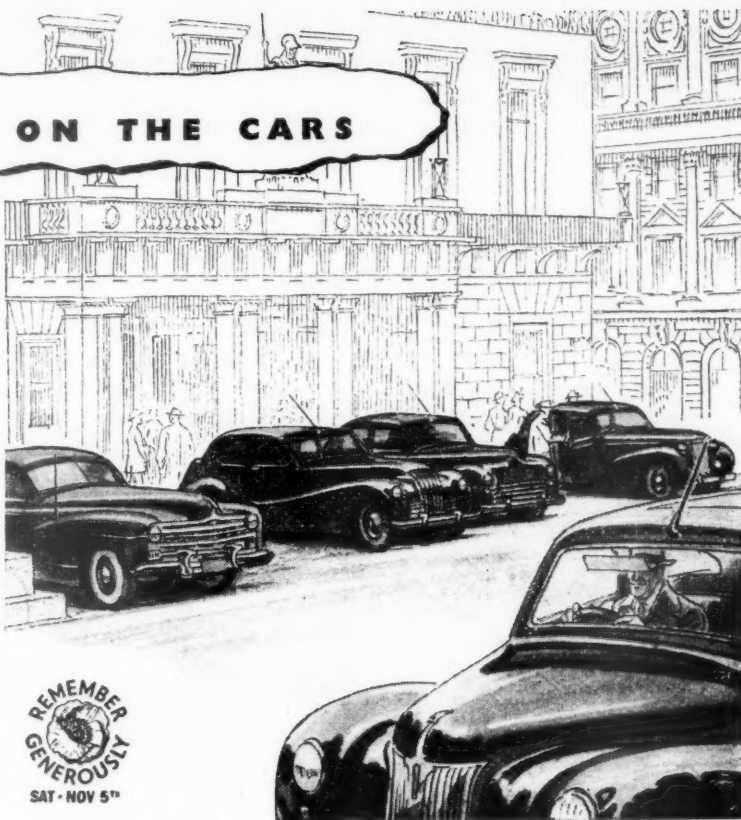
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AUTOMOBILE RADIO—PRODUCT OF



*Britain's automobile radio specialists*



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By Appointment  
Gin Distillers  
to H.M. King George VI  
Tanqueray, Gordon & Co. Ltd.

*Quality  
Incomparable*

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Maximum Prices: Per Bottle 32/4; Half-Bottle 16/11. U.K. only

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*★ and so shave all of us!*

Ingram's generous lather softens the toughest beard—soothes the most tender skin. Why? Because it contains an after-shave lotion with a before-shave action. Yes, you'll find an Ingramshave a great comfort.





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To stimulate the circulation, invigorate the tissues and promote a healthy skin; persuade away unwanted fat or get relief from aches and pains . . .

With the Pifco Massager you can enjoy health-giving massage in the privacy of your own home. Beneficial in so many ways—for the scalp, face, body or feet, it will help you to achieve good health and a beautiful complexion.



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Dig your toes into the soft sheepskin lining of these cosy ankle-boots and take a warm stand against winter. They'll keep you completely warm and dry, and they're so neat and trim that you can wear them in town with your smartest clothes. Price 65/4d.

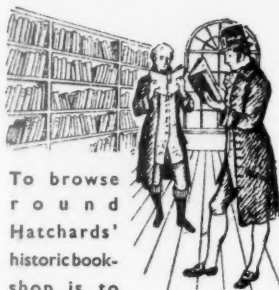
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Will you help 7,000  
needy children in  
these Christian  
Homes to spend  
a really happy  
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## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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The Repeater illustrated, gold filled, costs 45/10d. (Inc. Tax). Other models from 12/6d.



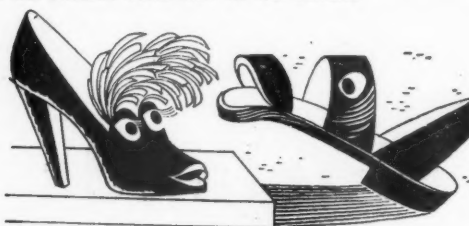
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men  
take to

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than ever?**

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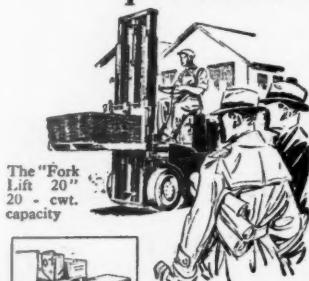
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PROFESSION ..... HOUSEHOLDER? .....

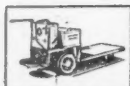
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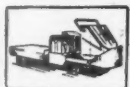
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The "Fork Lift 20" 20 - cwt. capacity



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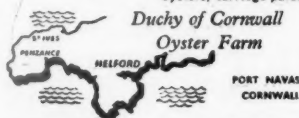
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Fresh and fragrant, blended by experts for discriminating palates. Supplied to thousands of households throughout the country. Three shillings per lb., post-free (smallest quantity 1½ lbs.), freshly roast and ground or roasted only.

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Oyster Farm



SAUCE ROBERT  
SAUCE DIABLE  
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also various other  
Sauces, Pickles,  
Chutney and Fish  
and Meat Pastes

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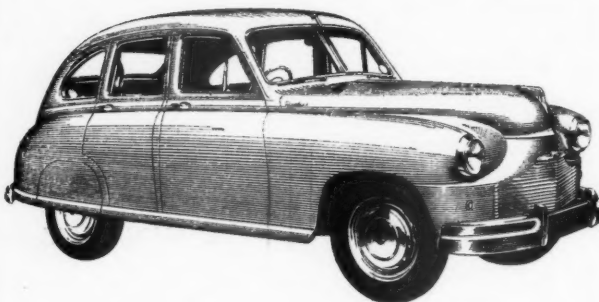
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the choice of discerning men and women

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because they're **WOVEN!**

Obtainable in 20 different styles and 7 different colours, woven in fine Cambric tape. Will outlast the articles marked; colours are absolutely fast to repeated washings.

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**Gives Telephone Numbers at  
the touch of a button**

The Stratton Fonopad is a handsome and time-saving device for Home—and Office—use. Just set indicator to the alphabetical initial of the person you want to call, press the button—and the Fonopad opens at the page bearing the telephone number you want.

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If any difficulty write to the Manufacturers:—  
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writing on shoes

says:

"Perfect Health depends quite considerably on perfect foot comfort"

"The damage done by badly fitted shoes has been brought home to me by numberless cases of foot deformation.

Such things are disgraceful in an intelligent community, and a bar to the physical progress of the race. The mind and the body alike are strongly influenced

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If I can persuade the whole world to wear the shoe I have personally designed for perfect foot comfort, I shall feel it is one of the best services I have ever rendered humanity."

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for men and women, are obtainable from appointed shoe fitters in all large towns.

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the most famous name in British woollens

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The 'Merton' Model  
Price 15/-

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FULL 4 INCH CUT

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A CLEAN CUT ACROSS THE GRAIN

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The Chairman's speech is like his  
ERASMIC lather . . .



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SHAVING STICK  
—WITH THE DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER

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— watch for  
these common  
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For doggy good health—**Bob Martin's**



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Square Deal Service is a combined operation between Vauxhall Motors and Vauxhall and Bedford dealers. Wherever you see the sign of Square Deal Service you can be sure of efficient workmanship, up-to-date techniques, fair charges and the genuine desire to serve.

FIVE POINTS FROM THE SQUARE DEAL SERVICE PLAN

<p><b>1</b> <b>FACTORY-TRAINED MECHANICS</b></p> <p>Vauxhall and Bedford dealers employ skilled mechanics specially trained at the Vauxhall factory. In addition, constant technical liaison between manufacturer and dealer keeps "Square Deal Service" up-to-the-minute with all new developments.</p>	
<p><b>2</b> <b>SPECIALISED TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT</b></p> <p>By making full use of specially designed tools and equipment, Vauxhall and Bedford dealers cut job time to a minimum. And, besides saving time (and customers' money) special tools ensure better, more accurate work.</p>	
<p><b>3</b> <b>STANDARD REPAIR TIMES</b></p> <p>Standard times are laid down for almost every service operation by Vauxhall engineers. Any Vauxhall or Bedford dealer can tell you in advance what a job will cost and how long it will take.</p>	
<p><b>4</b> <b>VOUCHER LUBRICATION AND MAINTENANCE</b></p> <p>Save time, money and worry. You buy a book of vouchers entitling you to the manufacturers' recommended services for 10 months or 10,000 miles. Any Vauxhall or Bedford dealer will honour the vouchers.</p>	
<p><b>5</b> <b>GENUINE PARTS AND UNIT REPLACEMENTS</b></p> <p>Vauxhall and Bedford dealers use only genuine parts identical with those fitted when the vehicle was built. They also stock new and reconditioned units to keep the 7-days-a-week motorist and commercial operator on the road.</p>	



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IN YOUR MOMENT  
OF REMEMBRANCE



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by

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(1946-1949)

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there are only varying degrees of ignorance"*

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- ★ *Why did the Berlin blockade fail?*
- ★ *How efficient is her administration?*

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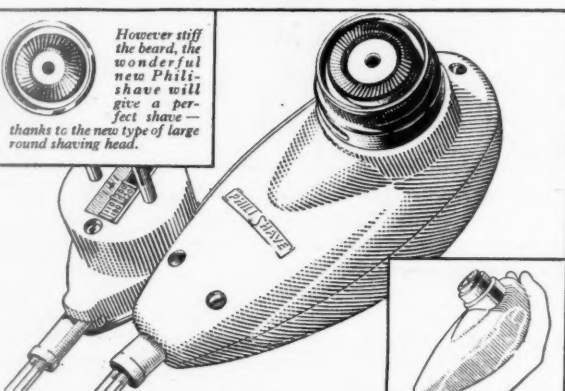
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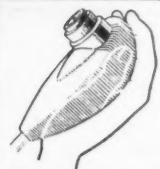


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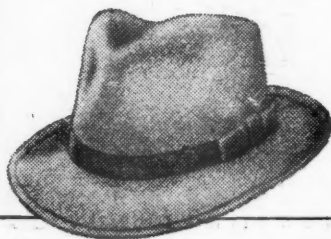
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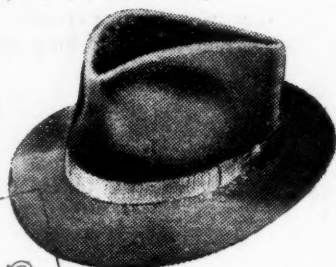
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You're not seeing *double*  
You're not seeing *double*

There are two bottles of Lembar. One is twice as big as the other. The half-bottle of Invalid Lembar with glucose content comes from the chemist, the big bottle of Beverage Lembar comes (with luck) from the grocer or wine merchant. Pure Lemon juice and barley, palatably sweetened, never yet made anyone see double—though plenty of people like to visualise their Lembar in terms of a round half-dozen.

**RAYNER'S**  
**Lembar**

Invalid Lembar from Chemists only.  
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and Wine Merchants.

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## CHARIVARIA

ATTENTION has been drawn to the inadequate salaries paid to some of our electronic scientists. We quite thought some of them were making a pile.

A naturalist says the house sparrow is the friendliest of birds and he would like to see it take the place of the robin on Christmas cards. He will be lucky if he doesn't see it take the place of the turkey on Christmas tables as well.



"Small babies instinctively try to grip anything novel or interesting that comes their way," we are told. Members of the Handlebar Club will instinctively agree.

Scientists are now able to measure the millionth part of an inch. This will greatly assist grocers when putting up the cheese ration.

"Conservative Public Meeting at the Playhouse, Walton, on Monday next (October 24th) at 8 p.m.

Speakers: Mr. BOB BULBROOK (The Gas Worker from the Old Kent Road, who electrified the Conservative Conference)." *"Surrey Herald"*

Is this an advance glimpse of Conservative policy?

The Scottish Advisory Council on Treatment of Offenders recommends that prison inmates should be allowed to spend week-ends at home. Special arrangements will no doubt be made for those serving sentences for bigamy.

Nearly four thousand food officers may be axed as the result of the economy campaign. Restaurateurs are at a loss to know how they are going to fill up the empty tables.

## Restrained Optimism

"DEAR SIR,—Re—Your order given to our Representative. We thank you for your above esteemed order of 13th September, 1949, which is having our prompt attention.

The approximate delivery will be as soon as possible, but if it is possible for us to improve upon this delivery no effort will be spared to do so.

Yours faithfully"

*Business letter*

It is suggested that performers in a thought transference act signal to each other by sniffing. This is known as a code in the nose.



"CRIPPS TO REVIEW U.K.'s ECONOMY

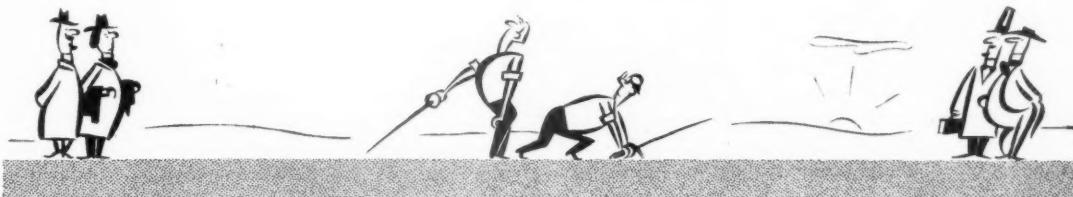
LONDON'S BANKERS TO BE ENTERTAINED"

*"Statesman"*

With a powerful microphone, you can still hear them laughing.

A weekly paper thinks we should send a party of M.P.s to the Argentine on a goodwill mission. The trouble is that some countries run out of goodwill faster than we can supply it.

Because of something he had written, a French dramatic critic was recently challenged to a duel by an actor, and wounded. He had never been stuck for a phrase before.



## THE WANDERING ORATOR

OH what has become of the policy  
I preached so loud and clear  
To the wise-eyed men of Wallasey  
In—I don't recall the year?

When I came as a welcome visitor  
And preached so clear and loud  
To the working women of Cirencester  
And the bright young things of Stroud.

When I promised eternal bounties  
And infinite ale and cakes  
To the hundreds of half the counties  
And the wards and wapentakes.

When Spelthorne spied Utopias  
All round me as I spoke,  
And I emptied cornucopias  
On Attercliffe and Stoke.

When I lowered the cost of living  
And lifted the worker's wage,  
It was giving and always giving  
And that was the Golden Age.

When I opened a bubbling magnum  
With the boys of the local press,

And offered the moon to Dagenham  
And the sun to Holderness.

I spoke and I made them come for it,  
I talked them into smiles,  
The free electors of Pontefract  
And the men of the Western Isles.

But these are the days of sunset  
The grand old days are dead,  
Do they want to be told at Consett  
Of a rise in the price of bread?

They would laugh at the eloquent helper  
Who gave them the earth at Leek,  
And is asking them now at Belper  
To work for a longer week.

And a fool I should look when stopping  
In a silence so profound  
You could well-nigh hear the dropping  
Of a devalued pound.

So I shall not be speaking any more,  
And a soberer voice must boom  
Of cutting the costs at Spennymoor  
And freezing the wage at Frome.

EVOE

S S

## A DIP INTO THE FUTURE

or "Up, Fainthearts!"

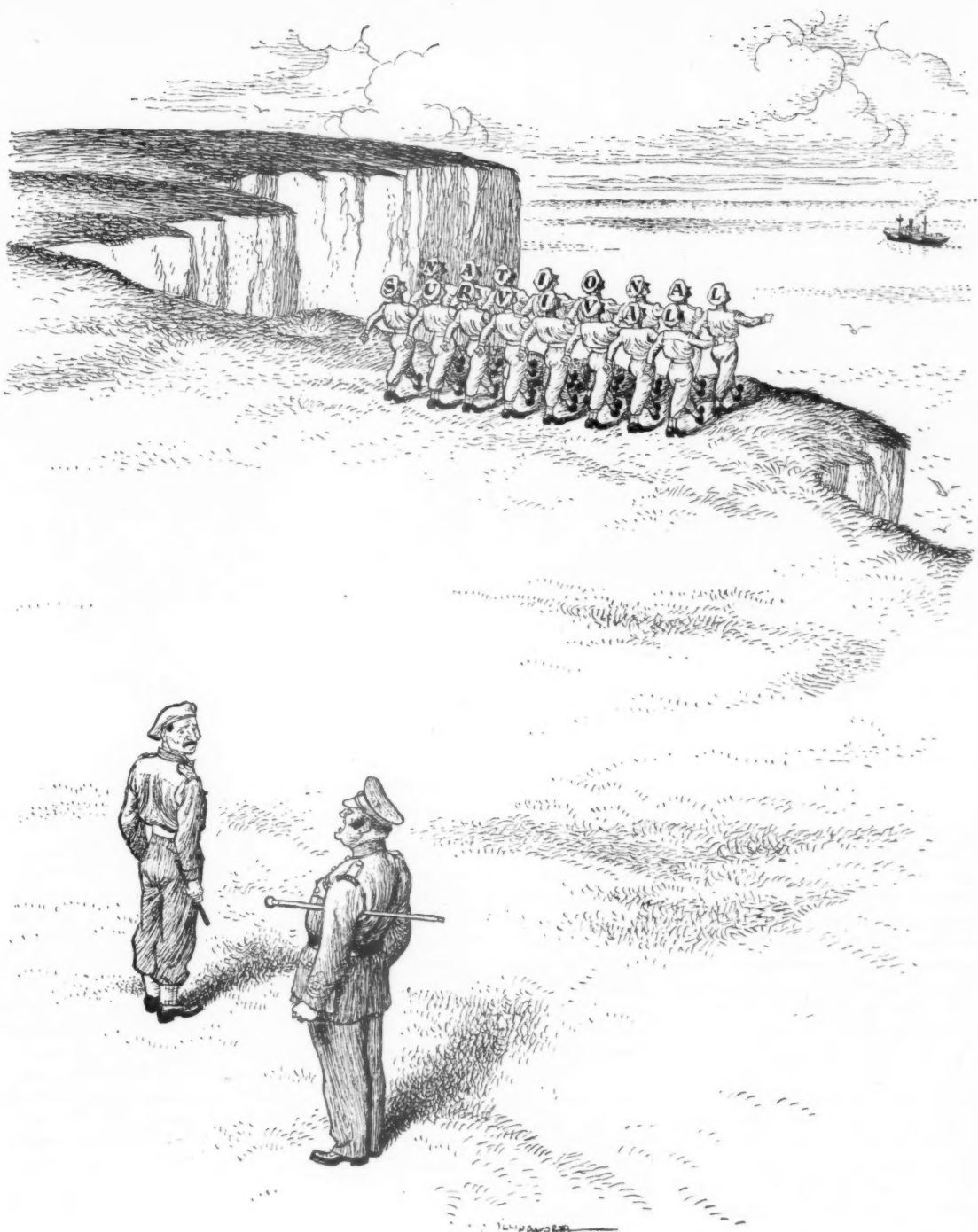
THE remarkable transformation of the economic fortunes of the British people in 1950 is a matter of history, and there will probably never be complete agreement as to the exact nature of the causes which produced that great revolution in human affairs. Some stress the personal factor, the emergence of such great industrial leaders as John George ("Have a Go") Brown, the devil-may-care virtuoso of the door-bell industry, with his resounding cry, "A British door-bell on every American door," and his personal triumph in Washington which resulted in the emotional scene, ever to be remembered in the United States, when the President himself tore out the door-bell of the White House and installed an All British John George Brown Door-bell in its place. Other historians attribute the astounding advance in British production to a combination of personal and scientific factors, and

in particular to the action of that cunning and patriotic Minister of Food who staked his political future, and the high reputation of his office, upon PXY, the potent chemical which, when mixed with the citizen's margarine, freed him from all inhibitions and anxieties and sent him speeding to work at five A.M. with a single-minded determination to do or die, produce or bust. Others, again, refuse to believe that the great effort of the British people in 1950 was in any way the result of any chemical, however potent, and insist that the whole thing was simply due to a simultaneous breakdown in broadcasting, the production of newspapers, and the football pools organization (as a result of one of the 1949 crises), a breakdown which temporarily left the Englishman with nothing to do but think.

Whatever the causes, the nature of the transformation left all the

world gaping with astonishment, and only the English affected to believe that they had known it would happen all along. In this brief survey we can only quote a few instances of that amazing achievement of the people of Great Britain.

There was, for example, the week in March 1950, when businessmen on the five-forty-five A.M. from Tootle Bois were seen on the roof of the cab urging the driver to further efforts as the train hurtled towards Liverpool Street in a frenzied dash to get the City workers to their offices five minutes earlier than on the day before; when the textile workers of Ding and Dong's Lancashire factory, evicted by a solicitous management at eleven-thirty P.M., came sobbing into the street, led by trade union leaders in shirt-sleeves, and held a protest meeting at the action of the management in imposing a maximum twelve-hour



**"SAY SOMETHING—IF IT'S ONLY 'GOOD-BYE'"**





*"Could I change it? I find my husband already has one."*

day; when the Civil Servants formulated their iron resolve: "No tea break until Britain breaks into every American market."

Who can forget, amid all the events of that tumultuous year, the solemn hush that fell on the suburbs on a night in May when men and women of all classes, detached and semi-detached, bridge and whist, stood hand in hand, tears of emotion in their eyes, watching the bright glow on the sky-line where, in the heart of London, every Government office sent up its bonfire of ancient documents and encumbering files, and every City business-house burned its boats?

What patriot does not know by heart the deathless story of the building trades—of Peter Pepper-corn, the Pimlico plasterer, who

volunteered to strangle with his own hands any building operative who failed to hit the target for June; of Doughty, the ace bricklayer, who built a factory in a fortnight; of "Tiny" Tomkins, the Willesden plumber, in recognition of whose production achievements the Federation of Humorists, Wits, and Wise-crackers swore a solemn oath never again to cast a slur upon a noble trade?

The politicians, too, deserved well of their country. Every school-boy knows how, in the midst of a Ministerial speech calling (in less tedious terms than heretofore) for "more and more production," a back-bencher rose from his place with glowing eyes and cried aloud, "To the factories and the mines! Who goes to the factories and the

mines?" Whereupon every politician rushed from the House and hurtled into a taxi, calling upon the driver to take him somewhere to produce for Britain before nightfall. The representatives of the Press, on that occasion, made a choice which will forever be remembered by a grateful posterity. On the one hand, every professional instinct told them to telephone to their offices the story of this astonishing event; on the other, the example of the M.P.s showed how great was Britain's need for the production of something other than words, and how little time was to be lost. To their undying honour, the correspondents followed the M.P.s into the factories and the mines, and it was not until some hours had elapsed that an editor, tired of telephoning in vain,

strode into an empty House, past a policeman who was knitting for export, and came upon the Greatest Story in the World.

These events, as we have said, are history. The results of the Great Production Sprint of 1950 have been carefully collated by historians from such fragmentary information as has been found on the backs of invoices and from hasty scratchings on office desks—for everyone, at the time, was too busy to collect statistics.

British goods, produced in quantities and at a quality and price which reduced even Congressmen to silence, poured into America, and into all parts of the world, by jet airliner, by freighter, by warship, barge and rowing-boat. American workers, faced with growing unemployment in their own land, queued at every port to emigrate to Britain, there to increase the flow of British goods. As the trade balance grew more and more favourable to Britain, gold (first a trickle, then a flood) passed eastwards across the Atlantic into the coffers of the Bank of England—to the satisfaction of Mr. Ernest Bevin, who had been for some time casting avaricious eyes on Fort Knox.

The Sterling Loan to America, which rescued that great country from ruin, was a fitting return for American generosity in the past. Clad from head to foot in British textiles and footwear, the American people, on an historic day, saw in their British-produced television sets (given away free with every pair of British braces, the fashion for which in America was the result of the most successful British advertising campaign of all time) the President of the United States settle with firm resolve the vexed question, "County or Dominion Status?" And when the British people heard of the accession of this large new county they—unquestionably—woke up at last.

"COPIES OF OLD MASTERS  
FOR SCHOOLS"

"Manchester Guardian"

Hallo again, Mr. Chips.

## LINEAGE

VULCAN, the deity of destructive fire,  
And Vesta, goddess of the kindly hearth,  
Hephaistos in his black Sicilian lair  
Forging red thunderbolts to scourge the earth;

The old Chinese with charcoal, salt, and stink  
Of sulphur, mixing cracker-pots for fun,  
Black Berthold, Freiburg's grey Franciscan monk,  
Packing his dangerous mixture in a gun;

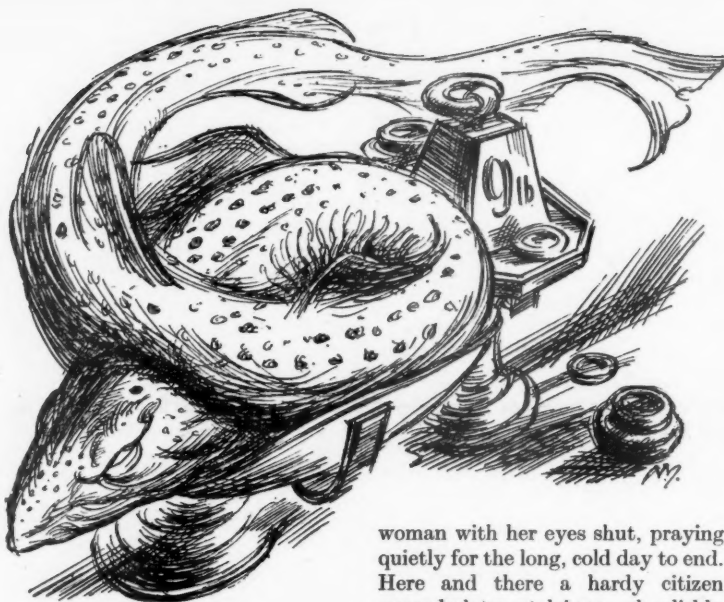
Prometheus, chained to crag, through Scythian day  
Longing for night and spangle-skirted moon,  
The firework-makers of Le Roi Soleil  
Planning elaborate saxon and maroon;

Whatever eager children down the years,  
Standing a moment nervous in the dark,  
Have fumbled for a fuse on edge of tears,  
Laughed with relief at shower of star and spark;

Heirs of all these, to-night the urchins cry,  
"Give us a penny, mister, for the guy!"



"No, no, sir, that packet's for display only."



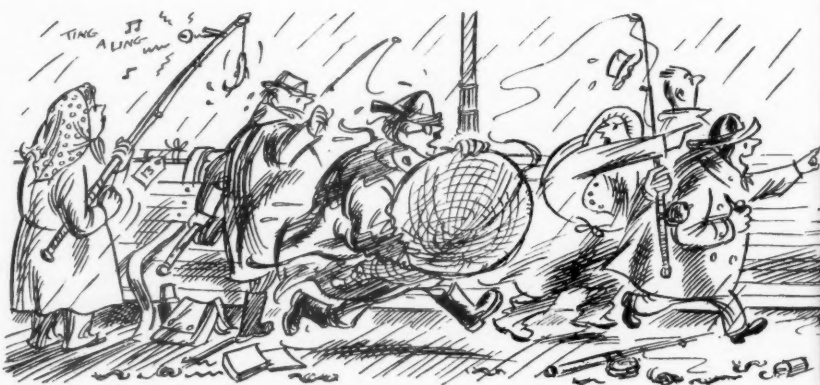
## MR. PUNCH AT THE PIER-HEAD

THIS amazing and beautiful fish, which might have swum out of a dream by Disney, made the last mistake of his life when he stopped for lunch off Eastbourne pier. All along the sandy bottom, in surging water turned yellow by the gale, he found a wide variety of snacks laid out for his inspection by two hundred and forty thoughtful sportsmen who had come even from as far as Lancashire to arrange his funeral. He picked a fine large ragworm from the bill of fare, and I put it to you that in similar circumstances any of us might have done the same.

Up above on the pier a certain torpor had settled on the scene, or as much of a torpor as can survive a hurricane working in perfect harmony with a close corporation of cloudbursts. Mr. Punch's Artist, who has been a sailor, looks at the raging main and shudders. In two hours of eager fishing only a few small victims, bass and plaice, have been ripped untimely from the ocean. Every five feet or so all round the pier stands a cheerful angler, his rod propped against the rail, his hat running with water like a flooded gutter. Behind him, in many cases, sits a courageous

woman with her eyes shut, praying quietly for the long, cold day to end. Here and there a hardy citizen perambulates at leisure, ghoulishly contemplating this heroic exhibition through a chink in his muffler. Men are not talking much, because anything they say is blown along to Hastings before it can be heard, but everywhere is evident the kind of true mateyness I know well on the river bank. Neighbours help one another freely, and tackle seems almost to be held in common. A leather-lunged giant in a gas-cape is bellowing into my ear the surprising information that lugworms which used to be two bob a hundred have risen to twopence apiece, when suddenly one of the little bells that sea-anglers fix to the tips of their rods with clothes-pegs begins to ring wildly. Our friend in the drawing has discovered his mistake, poor fish.

Now all is drama on the pier. If two trams had collided, or a member of the Cabinet had committed hara-kiri, the excitement couldn't possibly be greater. Experts converge with a heavy clumping of Wellingtons. Spray-drenched faces are set as a scrum is formed round the fortunate owner of the bell. His rod is bent so pleasantly that anyone can see he is into something big enough to scoop the best prizes of the day—as, in fact, it does. Stop-press news comes back to us swiftly on the fringe of the crowd. A monstrous conger. No, a whale of a cod. Don't believe a word of it, an outsize bass. Our hearts echo these tidings in madly bumping Morse. The calmest among us is the angler himself, who stands away from the rail, reeling in on the directions of a tic-tac man in grave danger of going overboard. We struggle to the edge, and below us see a slim torpedo furiously angry. A round net, of the same family as that used for basket-ball, is hastily lowered on ropes, and after much nervous expenditure by the tic-tac man the captive is flapping on the deck. A dogfish. On the fishmonger's slab you know him as huss, a firm and honest creature which, if seaside chefs were given a little more encouragement, would come nobly to table in *quenelles de chien de mer*. Salt-water anglers in their grander moments affect to despise him as a pest, but to-day weight is everything and he is carried off to the sanctuary of the committee-room as if he was a dying king. . . .





Nine pounds nine ounces, the scales put him at. He is spotted like a Dalmatian, and his skin has the texture of sandpaper. His sinuous cream body is fitted with the most elegant dive-brakes and stabilizers. In death he smiles secretly, his pale green dragon's eyes narrowed to watchful slots. He is at the same time frighteningly sinister and a piece of pure art . . .

Our trousers are already sodden cylinders, our shoes spongy blobs of papier mâché. On the way to the pier-restaurant for some warming refreshment I have a slightly unfortunate experience. Seeing a herring apparently in its death-throes on the deck, I compliment the nearest competitor heartily on his skill. A large man, capped by a sou'wester, with a puce face and a pipe like a brazier, he is feeling very cold. He looks at me a trifle coldly, too. "Bait," he mutters. I then perceive that the herring has been dead for some days, and that what is agitating its tail is the wind. So we move on rather rapidly . . .

To-day is the final day of the Angling Festival. Thirty-nine ladies and a boy of six are among the competitors. Yesterday one hundred and fifty-seven rods killed an average of two and two-thirds ounces. Ten thousand worms will pass on in to-day's contest. At twelve-thirty a bell will ring and general post will take everyone to different stations, so that those who have been gamely taking the deluge in their faces will afterwards enjoy the advantage of getting it down the backs of their necks.

While Mr. Paice, secretary of the Festival, is giving us this and much other fascinating information, I am alarmed by what seem to be the first tremors of an earthquake. At least, is it an earthquake or some momentary flaw in my delicate metabolism? "Neither," says Mr. Paice, "it's the pier. They have to sway in a gale, otherwise the gale wins." He tells us the Festival is run jointly, with the Town Council's help, by two bodies, the Eastbourne Nomads Angling Club (pier and beach) and the Eastbourne Angling Association, the deep-sea boys, who held their part of the Festival in September, and caught 1800 pounds from boats in two days.

Asked which is the most exciting fishing in these parts he says: "Tope. You go out a mile or two—the sea's nowhere deeper than eight fathoms round here—and let down a whole whiting on a single hook, so that it lies on the bottom. A wire trace, of course. They weigh anything from twenty to sixty pounds, and fight like game-fish. Spinning for bass off the Ledge by Beachy Head is also a thrill, but we get a lot of fun off the pier—bass, codling, flat-fish, conger, whiting . . ."

When we leave the restaurant, which resembles the summer-house of a Czar, we are introduced to a white ragworm, the bait of baits. It doesn't like the look of us, for it shoots out a nasty pair of claws. The feeling is reciprocal. So far, a two-pound sole is the nearest rival to the dogfish, but the contestants are still sturdily at their posts. The overhand cast they employ makes a



brave sight. At the finish the reel is on top of the rod, while the bait flies out in a great arc for fifty or sixty yards. Some mount a pater-noster, some a single trace running from the lead, but, whatever the tackle, it is limited to three hooks.

A bell rings at three o'clock, and that is that. The dogfish has it, and will bring its gallant conqueror a princely haul of cups, rods and bottles. Before we all go back to the Czar's pleasuredome for a most hospitable tea, every competitor who has taken a sizable fish lines up at a table for the official weighing in, thus offering the unusual spectacle of a fish-queue composed entirely of fishermen. And after tea Mr. Mayor presents the prizes . . .

Pier-fishing isn't always done in a monsoon. I believe, reader, that given weather in which we could preserve our hats, it might get us rather badly.

ERIC KEOWN



## AT THE PICTURES

*Any Number Can Play—Red, Hot and Blue*

I CAN'T help approving of the manner in which *Any Number Can Play* (Director: MERVYN LE ROY) throws away, declines to use, a perfect cliché-situation to which its whole plot had seemed to be working-up. The hero, a tough and Clark-Gable-like character played by none other than Mr. GABLE himself, is the boss of a highly-polished gambling saloon; for him works his weak and perfidious brother-in-law, who introduces loaded dice to one of the boss's hitherto unsullied tables. As any constant moviegoer will agree, it was all Hollywood to a china orange that the big scene would involve dramatic, unjust and crushing accusation of the great man, with the camera panning along a row of stern faces in a silence unbroken save by the curling of a hundred lips. Well, it doesn't happen. That little incident passes off smoothly, and the climactic situation is a matter of a straightforward hold-up, the point being apparently that the boss is so highly thought of by all that nearly everybody in sight is ready to die for him. There are many—too many—other details in the plot, including the fact that he has angina pectoris and so should avoid excitement, and the fact that his son has always been ashamed of the source of the family fortunes; but that situation—led up to by another dice game in which he is nearly ruined by a client's

spectacular run of luck—is the crux of the whole thing. The motive of the piece seems to be to demonstrate that an honest big-time gambler is a very fine fellow, though I doubt whether it'll influence anybody not convinced of this already. As entertainment, the picture is very efficient indeed; in particular the casual, professional, authentic scene-setting of the first few minutes is a pleasure to watch.

It would be easy to take a lofty, academically facetious line about the wild and delirious nonsense of *Red, Hot and Blue* (Director: JOHN FARROW), but I have to admit I liked it. I like BETTY HUTTON, even when, as here, she has no chance to show her undoubted abilities in straight acting; to say she's noisy and that she often yells her songs is not a severe criticism, because she's a first-rate clown and she makes them funnier like that. I would happily see this again for the sake of a brief, shatteringly violent musical burlesque of *Hamlet* in which, as Ophelia ("this'll keelya"), she bounces about in the

foreground bellowing a version of the story while the corpses pile up behind her. It's customary to observe of anything like this that ardent Shakespeareans will be angry and deeply shocked, but I don't agree: I think it's a poor lookout for literature if one is not to be allowed to appreciate a great original and a ribald parody with two different parts of one's

[*Any Number Can Play*

## Frightfully Close Up

Ada—MARY ASTOR  
Charley Enley Kyng—CLARK GABLE

mind. The enormous vitality of Miss HUTTON and her skill at putting over her comic songs (in which one often notices with astonishment a genuinely well-written funny line) make this a very gay trifle altogether. She carries it, of course, but several quieter players have their chance before the climax comes in some of the most riotous and effective slapstick I have seen for years.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Survey**  
(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

If *Entre Onze Heures et Minuit* (26/10/49) is still to be found, that will give you as satisfactory an evening as anything else among the London shows. *The Big Steal* (pursuit in Mexico) and *The Velvet Touch* (drama with very amusing spots) are together in an undistinguished but entertaining programme.

Releases include *The Chiltern Hundreds* (12/10/49), very stagey but hilarious; *The Hasty Heart* (28/9/49), rather stagey but very movingly played; and *House of Strangers* (7/9/49), also well acted, and a good deal better as a film.

RICHARD MALLETT

[*Red, Hot and Blue*

## O.K. for Noise

Yum-Yum Collier—BETTY HUTTON

## NOTHING LIKE A GOOD REEL

A PROGRAMME? Ah, thank you. Twenty dances, I see, and four extras. Reel—Waltz—Waltz Country Dance—Eightsome Reel—Country Dance Flowers of Edinburgh—Reel of the 51st Division—h'm. I will be bold and make shift to fill my programme with names: if one is to be here for eight or nine hours, as they tell me is likely, clearly one must dance. I came with a large party but did my best at dinner to commit to memory the faces of the ladies, and fancy that I succeeded fairly well. Their Christian names, in the custom of the country, are either Margaret or Jean, which does not help much. With the exception, that is, of the Italian (?) girl, whose name is Margharita. I shall attempt to arrange several dances with Margharita.

We enter the ballroom, a long and lofty chamber bedizened with coats of arms, broadswords, targes, claymores and the like. In the minstrels' gallery the minstrels are preparing for the first dance. I glance at my programme and find that I am dancing with the Ministry of Food.

This cannot be right. Ah, I remember: Miss Macbogle of Fleuch. Here she is, the gay young lady in the green sash. As we move into our places I am not unconfident. The eightsome reel is perhaps the one dance on the card that I may be said almost to have mastered. Come, come, who is this chieftain in the blue doublet with square buttons? And this other with all the cairngorms? Why, our eightsome has enlarged itself quite unwarrantably to sixteen. My partner, looking not quite so gay, tells me that it is just the same as an eightsome but one dances with only half the people. Yes, but which half?

A man in a kilt walks round tapping each of the eight men on the chest. As he taps me he says curtly, "Outside." Rather a relief, I must say. But no, it seems that I am to remain. Then what . . . ?

The music begins. Bow? Perhaps. Round to the left, like a wheel, two couples to a spoke, with ladies on the inside—easy. And back again. My partner has a very

small waist. I dance at her and execute a birl. At least I think so: I am rather partial to executing birls. Now the chain effect, like the Lancers, though it seems to me rather more like Coronation night in Piccadilly. I have battered my way half-way round before I realize what was meant by "outside." Apparently there are two concentric circles. Ah, well . . .

Two ladies in the middle now. This bit is easy. All I have to do is stand still and, as it says on the back of the programme, "refrain from excessive crying and shouting." But soon it will be time for the first pair of men to take the lists. Ah, here they are. Now, I must watch very carefully and see exactly what they do. Schiehallion! I am one of them. Surely there must be some mistake. Very well, I will see the thing through, revolving neatly to the left while the circle dances clockwise about me. Now the other way. Suddenly I am seized by the arm by my fellow-soloist, if that is the word. It is the redoubtable Hamish MacGashlie of Ben Gashbin, and he twirls me about, quite gratuitously, until I am giddy.

I come to rest, by great good fortune, opposite my partner, and dance with her. Now with her opposite number. Perhaps now, while I actually know what I am doing, would be the moment for a small—not excessive—cry or shout, but I feel that it might not go well with my trousers. A figure of eight.

How is this ever possible with three people—or is it four?

More revolving—but no more twirling. I am ready for it this time and MacGashlie misses me and crashes into Margharita's partner (one of the four Ians in the party), disarranging his jabot slightly. But whom do I dance at now? I select a girl who seems to wear the correct expectant look of wooden unconcern and make my overtures to her. A tricky little hop to the left, a tricky little hop to the right, and hold out both my hands. No? Hers remain unconcernedly at her sides. She is gazing in my direction from a range of about a foot, so I take it that she observes me, but she shows no sign.

Lightning calculation tells me that I do not now dance with the opposite number of the girl who has just refused me. There remains only one possibility and upon her I advance. So does MacGashlie and, being bigger than me, jumps on my toe and elbows me to one side, so that I am back again in front of the spurner of my modest advances. In defiance of the Stewards I am ready to cry excessively, but lo! this time she accepts me and in a minute, if I can judge the moment for withdrawal, I shall be safely back on the perimeter.

Come, this is splendid! We will go on to the foursome. Where is Miss Macbogle of Fleuch?

Ah—where indeed?

2 2

## ON THE DUNES

THE gold sand trickled burning through my fingers,  
Gulls wheeled in shrill lament;  
A white sail vanished over the horizon;  
July was well-nigh spent.

"See how the grains," you said, "slip always from you;"  
(The wind sighed through the grass)  
"And yet you hope to hold the living moment,  
When all things pass!"

Though time runs out swift as the sand or river—  
Past vanishing sail and birds  
Joy shines on still, triumphant in October,  
Imprisoned in my words.



## CROSS CURRENCY

THE increasingly general financial stringency is not without its effect on "soft" or nursery currency. And this overall depreciation has fallen hardest upon the bib-and-tucker workers, among whom the age-group four to six years has been the most severely penalized.

The purchasing power of the weekly sixpence has become drastically, almost harshly, reduced; and the sterling area—in my particular case the sweet-shops and the toy-shop at the corner of the main road—is forced to ask for an increase of sometimes as much as fifteen per cent on, for example, a quarter of jelly babies or a clockwork train.

In the home itself we have found that a plea for shorter hours to offset the reduction in the spending value of the sixpence is greeted by tedious and repetitive recrimination. And indeed it has been found in some cases that the volume of work expected to be done has even increased. This alarming state of affairs can be instanced by the number of children who are now made to dress themselves (except for the more difficult buttons), and in the manner in which more irresponsible parents insist on the lower wage-earning classes trying harder to feed themselves at table.

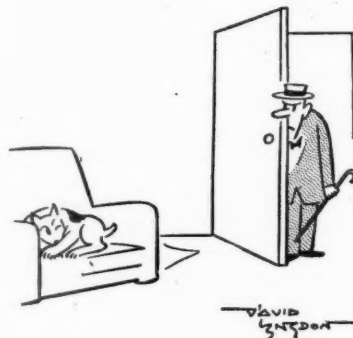
Inevitably the question of some retaliatory action has been discussed where tricycles are accustomed to foregather; and it has been suggested that a well organized sit-down-on-the-edge-of-the-bed strike in the mornings might bring the Parents' Union to its knees, the more so if it were accompanied by a

little unobtrusive sabotage such as a carefully calculated spreading of the lounge floor with one's toys immediately prior to an afternoon bridge party. The possibility of extreme and offensive action on the part of parents to put a stop to these tactics must, however, be carefully weighed.

The direct method to alleviate the silver shortage in the area—the simple request for an immediate increase in the emolument—has so far been dismissed with reproach, indignation, sermonizing, and downright bad temper from the average parent; from the "Now-when-I-was-a-boy" (nothing so infuriating as this) through the "honestly-old-chap-I-can't-afford-it" (rather difficult to answer and, out of the present context, rather familiar, too) to the "another-word-and-it's-bed" fiat.

A study of the parental economic position is not a practical proposition. Most mothers' purses seem to be as fat as ever; most fathers' trouser pockets seem to jingle as much as formerly. And there are times when even the least experienced child might well be forgiven for thinking that the crisis is a thing that some secret meeting of selfishly inclined parents and complaisant shopkeepers has arranged privily.

That, then, is the position. Thus, while awaiting the decisive action of some clear-thinking person among us who can dictate a lucrative line of attack, we must be content with verbal, and not too dangerous, underground go-slow tactics.



## AT HOME WITH LUCY

I HAVE attended what I suppose I may describe as my first theatrical party. It was interesting. It took place in Lucy's flat, downstairs. I was invited (a) because Lucy wanted me to meet Gregory, who is going to write a play, and (b) because I had lent for the occasion a tin of sardines, my good chair, and four pencils in case anyone wanted to play Consequences. Nobody did, but Gregory found the pencils very handy. Using them in conjunction with a pipe-cleaner, two white bishops, and Lucy's nail-file, he constructed on the hearth-rug an approximation of the set for the first act of his play. It is called "Come Out, Come Out, Wherever You Are," and he intends to write it next summer. I couldn't make head or tail of it, and the pencils subsequently rolled under a bookcase.



*"Well, we won't keep you out in the chill night air . . . which reminds me of a story about two Irishmen and a Scotsman . . ."*

I had been warned by Mrs. Venner that Lucy's parties are proper bohemian. What she meant, I imagine, was that there would be nowhere to sit but the floor, that there would be nothing to eat but cold sausage, that somebody would sing in Russian until we all began to sob about our early struggles, and that somebody would spill a bottle of pale ale over the red plush tablecloth. All these things happened.

Other things happened, too. Mrs. Venner, for example, looked in early to see how we were getting on, and stayed until two in the morning, as merry as a cricket. In the course of a short address, Gregory explained that the West End theatre was in the hands of vampires. A gaunt lady named Cora asked me if I remembered existentialism. The Angers' dog, Vixen, came nosing in at midnight and ran off with somebody's shoe. A young lady in pale-blue slacks asked me why my eyes were so soulful if I wasn't on the stage. A producer and two scenic artists played three-card brag the whole time on Lucy's bed-settee. The game was complicated by the fact that there were only forty-one cards in the pack, not counting the joker. There was a lot of talk about switching off the radio, which came

to nothing. At one point Lucy gave everyone a glass for gin (just for a change, as she put it), and it transpired that the bottle had already been quietly emptied by Mrs. Venner and a man called Neil, who was connected with the stage by marriage. Lucy said he was awful, and Mrs. Venner giggled, and said she was going to Spain with him in a fortnight, for a fiesta. We made do with pale ale. An elderly man who played butlers traced the development of be-bop from Wagner to the present day, and said that if he had his life to live over again he would take up the electric organ. Nobody cared. Mrs. Venner got the hiccups. A toast was drunk to a lady called Pamela, in whose honour the party had been perpetrated. Nobody knew her except Lucy, but it seemed that she had landed a film contract which would relieve her of the necessity of doing any work for the next two years. It turned out that she wasn't at the party at all, because, as Lucy said, there had been a mix-up.

These were incidental amusements. We also had entertainment of a more formal nature. Mrs. Venner sang a verse and two choruses

of "Lily Marlene" to the accompaniment of a noisy discussion on the use of the dramatic pause. Gregory drank a pint in eight seconds, and threw his glass at the fireplace. He missed. Cora gave an impersonation, as far as I could judge, of somebody playing *Lear*. Somebody else gave an impersonation of Cora being interviewed by an agent. I recited Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, and, as an encore, made a rabbit out of Mrs. Venner's handkerchief. The man called Neil did a trick with matches which was a great success, and burnt a hole in my tie. The lady in pale-blue slacks mimed an old lady having breakfast and two Frenchmen fighting a duel. She screamed with laughter the whole time. I controlled myself. Two young men whom I hadn't noticed before, and who turned out to be connected with a circus, stood on their heads for ten minutes by Lucy's alarm-clock. They were much admired, although they got in the way rather.

At half-past three, unnoticed and just a little dizzy, I crept away with my chair. I remember thinking, as I climbed the stairs, what a lucky girl Pamela was. . . .

## FOOTBALL ON THE VELD

*or Aspects of the Native Problem*

**I**T is sunset and tawny lights lie across the dry winter grass. Kit and Donald have summoned the farm inkwenkwees to play football. The white boys prance about in their finery of brightly striped jerseys, organizing things, while the little natives stand in a docile group outside the dairy. They are all wearing tattered khaki cast-offs supplemented by faded strips of red blanket, dun-coloured now with dirt and age.

First there is the question of boots. Kit and Don have boots, big battling boots with knobs on them. The inkwenkwees are barefooted. The thing would be for Kit and Donald to wear their boots, and

for Nogwaan and Umbuzu and Lumbu and Kwatin and Longela and Tobile and the others to have boots too. (The Ideal Solution.) But they have no boots. I tap on my window to attract the attention of the captains, and suggest that the white boys take off their boots. (The Solution of Regressive Equality.)

They don't say anything. Obviously my solution has been turned down without consideration. At last they arrive at a lordly compromise. They will discard their boots, and wear not boots but shoes; and they will try not to tread on anyone's toes.

Now teams are chosen in an

arbitrary fashion and the game begins.

The inkwenkwees have never played football before. Kit and Donald have five applicable expressions:

"Izapa!" Come here.

"Hamba!" Go.

"Baleka!" Run.

"Longele!" All right.

"Hayi!" No.

Don is a quiet child. His red hair glints incongruously among the black heads as the team trails uncertainly over the field. Kit is noisy, which has a great effect on his team. They all dash and caper and kick, whether the ball is near them or not.

Gradually Don and his team warm up. Don shouts "Hamba!" Kit yells "Izapa!" Everybody dashes everywhere with a hectic indiscriminate obedience. The pace of the game increases. So does the confusion.

Regrettably, at this stage Kit and Donald start a quarrel as to where exactly the goal is. (Lack of a Co-ordinated Policy.) While this is going on the inkwenkwees seize the ball. For the first time they begin to enjoy the game. Kit and Donald hurriedly patch up their differences, changing the position of the goal altogether. They call the players imperiously to order. They explain, with a large use of gesture, that the goal posts are now the tank on the one side, the windmill on the other.

The game begins again. But now the native boys have had time to discover that the game is only fun when you yourself have the ball, a discovery Kit and Donald had unconsciously wanted to keep to themselves. (Imperialism.)

The captains' dictatorial cries of "Hamba!" "Baleka!" "Hayi!" rise up and are ignored. As a measure to ensure their attention, Kit takes possession of the ball and makes a speech—in English—on the necessity for (a) teamwork on their part and (b) leadership on his. At least that is what it amounts to.

The game is on once more. But now they have more or less assessed the value of the different players. There is a reshuffle during which Kit parts very reluctantly with Umbuzu.





who can kick, but who, above all, only kicks when he is told to. A really useful member of the side.

Again the game begins.

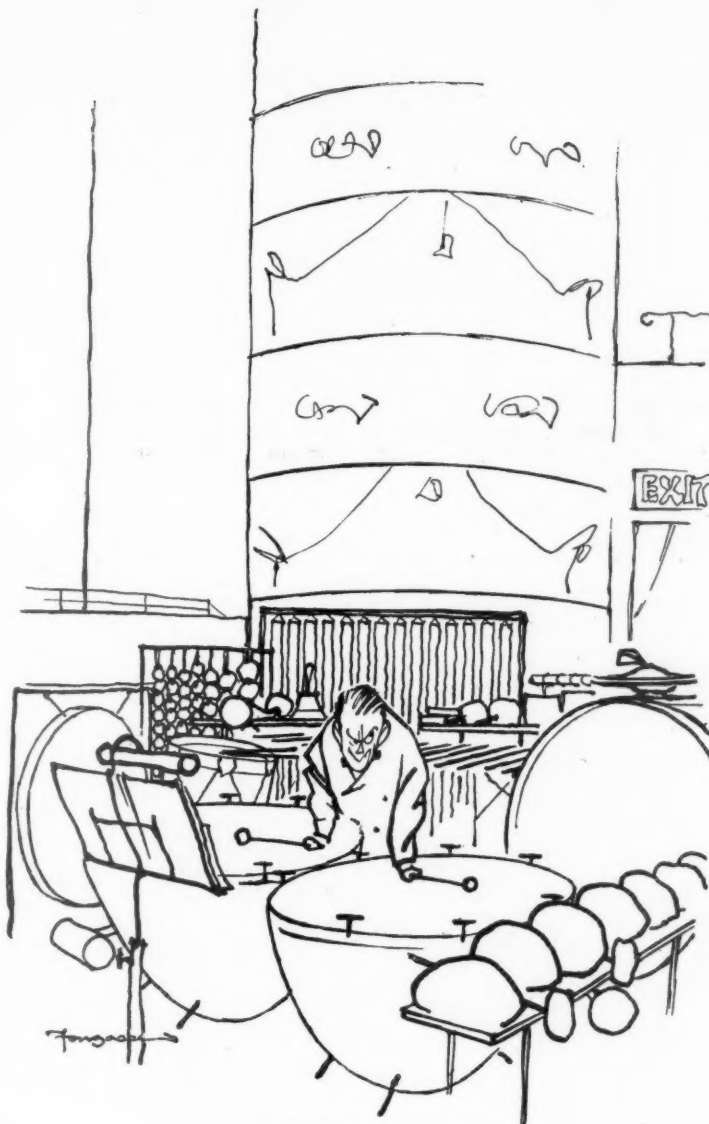
Unfortunately, these changes have shattered the few principles they have acquired. By the fumbling process of trial and error they have found that moving in one direction meets with an emphatic "Hayi!" and moving in the other meets with an approving "Longele!" But now the hayi direction has become longele and vice versa. Their minds grope round this unforeseen reversal.

But now, enter Besu. Besu has two brothers who go to school in the town location, and they have taught him the rudiments of soccer. (The Function of Education.) Kit and Donald instruct him to instruct the others in the art of football. (Stages on the Road to Self-government.) At last they know what they are driving at.

The game begins again. Lumbu passes to Umbuzu, who is intercepted by Longela, who dribbles to Nogwaan, who, following directions, delivers the ball up to Kit. This is isolating the constructive episodes of the game, but the whole effect is swift and sporting. Spectators begin to line up along the side-lines, and there are shouts of encouragement and applause. The atmosphere grows positively British. (Stray Blessings of Colonization.)

There is a set-back when Besu, excited at his mastery of the rules, aims wildly at the ball and kicks Kit in the stomach. (The Threat of Communism.) The white boys pause to discuss the advisability of packing off the inkwenkwe to play soccer on their own, with a tennis ball on a smaller and more bumpy field, but decide that the two of them wouldn't have much fun after they had gone. (The impracticable Theory of Apartheid or Segregation.)

So they carry on as before. Now Nogwaan gets the ball, takes deft evasive action, and scores a GOAL. Jubilation among Kit's team. The ball is put into position. But the head boy appears, sad and stern. This is no time for games. Besu has not finished separating the milk, and Umbuzu has forgotten to feed the ducks. (Economic Pressure.)

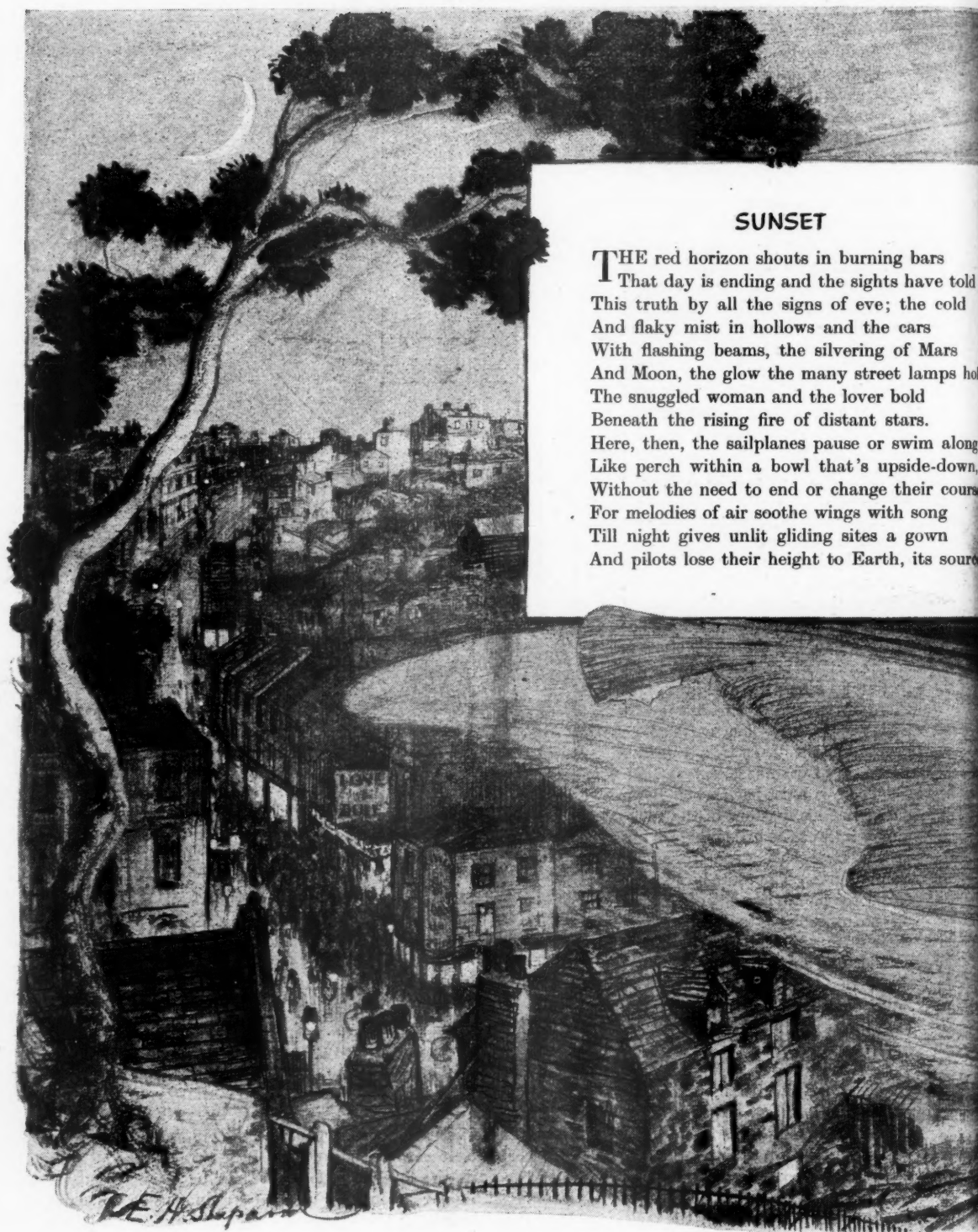


TORQUEMADA

## HONOURS IN PLASTICS

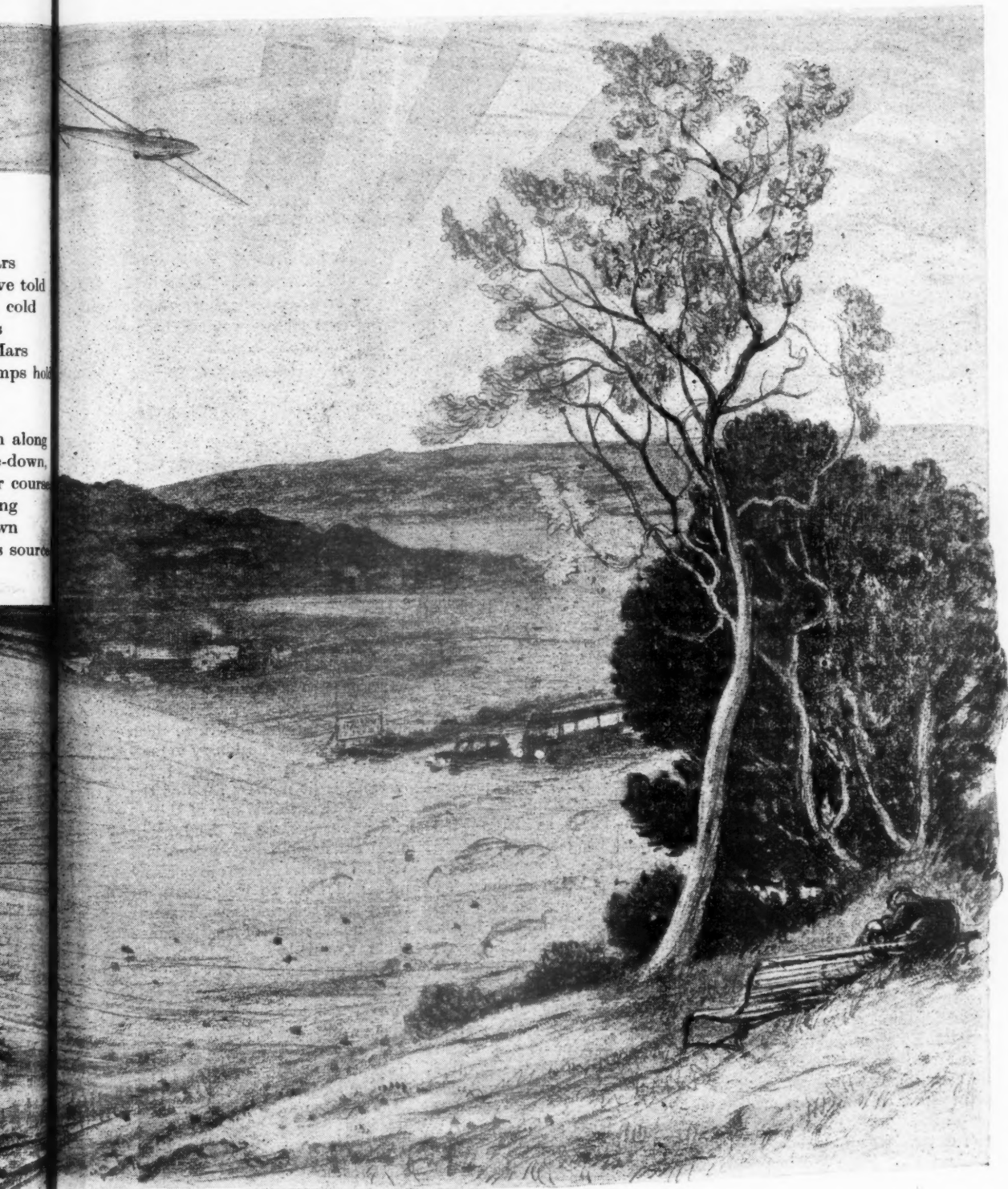
THIS is Graduation Day . . .  
All the city streets are gay;  
Every maid, in bus or queue,  
Wears a hood of gorgeous hue;  
Jill, with scarlet ankle-socks on,  
Boasts herself an M.A. Oxon.  
(See her dexterously scoop  
O'er her curls the liripoop.)  
Daphne, rising seventeen,  
Is a D.D. Aberdeen;  
Even Helen, still at school,  
Flaunts her M.B. Liverpool . . .

Ah, sweet innocents, what if  
You *did* pip your School Certif!  
*In honoris causa* we  
Will allow you your degree . . .  
Gladly we'll confer on you  
B.Sc. of Timbuctoo—  
Infinitely better *that*  
Than be classed as *ægrotat*  
Or reduce us to dementia  
By remaining *in absentia*  
On occasions when we get  
Weather that's a trifle wet.



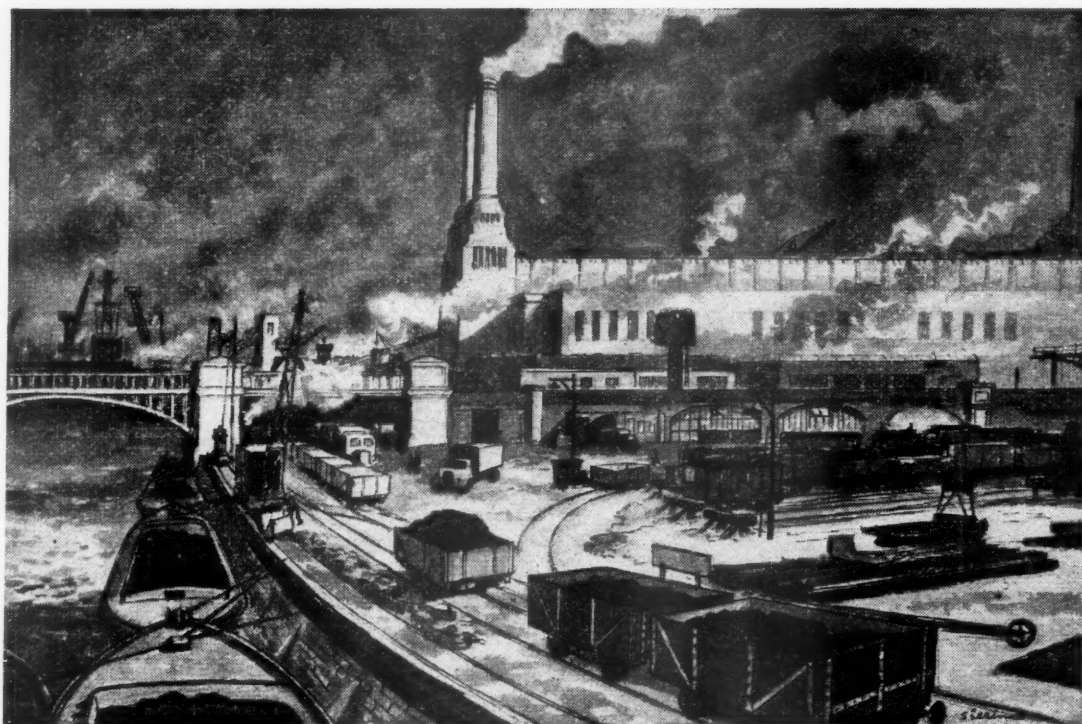
# SUNSET

THE red horizon shouts in burning bars  
 That day is ending and the sights have told  
 This truth by all the signs of eve; the cold  
 And flaky mist in hollows and the cars  
 With flashing beams, the silvering of Mars  
 And Moon, the glow the many street lamps hold  
 The snuggled woman and the lover bold  
 Beneath the rising fire of distant stars.  
 Here, then, the sailplanes pause or swim along  
 Like perch within a bowl that's upside-down,  
 Without the need to end or change their course  
 For melodies of air soothe wings with song  
 Till night gives unlit gliding sites a gown  
 And pilots lose their height to Earth, its source





## London Town—No. 19



## THE THREE-PIN PLUG

MORE than a hundred years ago Michael Faraday discovered that a coil of wire becomes electrified when it is rotated between the poles of a magnet. So much for Science; now let us turn to Battersea Power Station, the star exhibit of Britain's nationalized electricity industry. The building or outer shell of the station, which was designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has been a bone of architectural contention for twenty years. Some critics applaud its stark functionalist lines even if they deplore the concessionary fluting of the mighty chimneys; others regard it as an eyesore, a nasty smudge on London's skyline. Personally, I am extremely fond of the structure. In my innocence I see it as a colossal three-pin plug and, therefore, as the embodiment of my whole knowledge and experience of electricity.

Battersea's three chimneys (there will eventually be a fourth) are the tallest in London, and the

most deceptive. I am not suggesting that they are fakes, like the funnels of certain ocean liners, but that they give a somewhat false impression of Battersea's importance. In capacity, or kilowattage, the relatively obscure Barking station is more than twice as large—the largest generating station, in fact, in the British Commonwealth. Until the completion of the other Bankside power station, the one that will be partially hidden by St. Paul's, Battersea remains, however, the British Electricity Authority's show-piece, and a very awesome and impressive show-piece it is.

To tramp through the marble halls of its Turbine House, which vibrates eternally, like the stern of a liner, to climb the endless galleries of the Boiler House, to peer through a protective mask at the inferno of the great furnaces and stand hopelessly bewildered before the sea of dials and switches in the Control Room—all this adds up to an

experience as unnerving as when a man contemplates the action of his own heart for the first time. The process seems so shockingly vulnerable. Here is the pulse of the metropolis (it matters little at the moment that this is one of thirty-odd power stations in the London area) and it *must* be kept beating. Will it? Can it? There are so many nuts and bolts to work loose, so many pipes to spring leaks. It seems that no system of maintenance could possibly guard against disaster, and the signs of maintenance work are pitifully few. Only a handful of men seem to be at work on the monster. If I were in charge at Battersea I should immediately engage



several thousand wheel-tappers and nut-tighteners.

When I mentioned these fears to an operative I encountered high up among the giant's ribs, he laughed. At least, I suppose he did. His face made all the conventional signs of laughter, though no sound emerged from it above the general roaring and rumbling.

"You should have been here during the war," he shouted.

"Grim?" I yelled.

"We were lucky; only one or two direct hits and none vital. A splinter in the wrong place and the whole biz would have come apart. Of course, Jerry . . . target . . . chimneys . . . July . . ." I didn't get very much of the next few sentences.

"Why are all these galleries made like fire-escapes," I said, looking down through my trembling knees and the steel mesh under my feet at the peaks of a hideous range of steam-pipes.

"This is nothing to what they'll be like in a few years' time," he shouted. "Power stations get bigger every year and they still can't cope. New washing-machines, refrigerators, television; it all adds up."

"You mean there'll *always* be power cuts?" I said.

"I said nothing about cuts," he said, "but it stands to sense if everybody wants more juice you want more lemons."

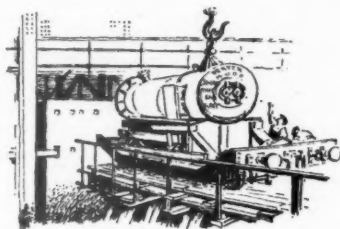
"Lemons?" I said.

"Well, you know what I mean. Can't get a quart out of a pint pot, can you?"

"But surely we've got excellent untapped resources, so to speak," I said . . .

Apparently, though, we haven't. Unfortunately, the British Electricity Authority can draw only very limited supplies from hydro-electric sources. Hydro-electric power from the

Southern Highlands, Galloway and North Wales contributes less than three per cent of the total capacity of the industry. The Severn Barrage scheme, which has been discussed at great length since the war, would be feasible, it seems, only if the price of coal rocketed to new heights of prohibitiveness, and if the tides in the Severn Estuary would adopt a time-table to coincide with the nation's rush-hours. Before I began this inquiry I had always assumed that electricity could be stored in some way, like gas, heat or money: now I am told that it is essentially a hand-to-mouth service. Electricity must be consumed straight from the oven like a soufflé: otherwise it goes off. And power that is only available when the tide comes in (or goes out?) is of little use to relieve daily peak-hours of demand. Of course, the peak-hours might be adjusted to agree



with the tides, but it would mean an awful lot of new controls.

The British Grid is the largest single supply system in the world. All the juice produced in the Authority's seven regions by its three hundred and thirty power stations is on tap everywhere in the country. By switching on an electric fire one morning you may get a pennyworth of power from Battersea (say) followed by a pennyworth from some remote hydro-electrical station in the Highlands: and you would notice no difference whatever in quality. The stuff is completely standardized. The odd thing is that the Grid would almost certainly crack if everybody switched on at the same time. Between 6.0 A.M. and 8.30 A.M. of a frosty morning the consumption of electricity rises at a staggering rate—equivalent to the introduction of an additional 30,000 kilowatt station every three-quarters

of a minute. And that means first-rate traffic control between the seven electricity regions.

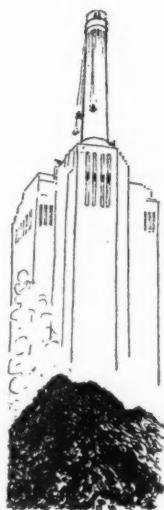
One man handles this traffic, a National Control Engineer who is



permanently on point-duty at the bottom of a lift-shaft near St. Paul's Cathedral. The control room, which went underground to the old "Post Office" tube station during the blitz of 1940, is a small suite full of meters, telephones and teleprinters. Messages come in with news of regional activities, weather forecasts and demand schedules, and orders go out. Electricity is directed from where it can most easily be spared to where it is most needed, and the transfer is effected at a startling speed. Somehow the wires are kept humming. Occasionally, however, as everybody knows, they are not: the indicator of the frequency meter in the control room slips to the danger point and drastic action becomes necessary. The load must be shed immediately. . . .

British power stations have other difficulties, too. Ever since the first public supply of electricity in Great Britain was installed at Godalming in 1881 there has been trouble with chimneys, smoke and cables. At Godalming the cables were laid in the gutters of the streets because there was no legal authority to put them underground. The Battersea station proposals met with heavy criticism on account of the allegedly sulphurous fumes that would pour over London. The new Bankside power station will also start life under a cloud (not of sulphur though; it is to burn oil instead of coal) because of its site, size and shape. The British people are probably the most choosy in the world when it comes to power stations. For myself, I shall feel quite content if the Bankside affair contrives to look something like a two- or three-pin plug.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD





*"We'd no idea of going in for light industry when we retired, but the site, and the premises . . ."*

### THE NAMELESS DWELLING

**W**HITE in the wide moor's hollow hand,  
crouched under crag, in the sunken land,  
rent rock-bastions, lichen-soft,  
spilt to its threshold,  
crumbles the croft.

Here, to the silence, the shield-bronze noon,  
night's pollen meadows and daffodil moon,  
to the writhen cloud and the mist-wraith slow,  
the ice-blind lake and the stare of snow,  
to the lonely dwelling without a name,  
childless, the wife and the herdsman came,  
and set for garden one rose-bush red:  
*a thing to be loving,*  
the woman said.

Curlew quavers, buzzard shrieks  
faint in the quiet where no man speaks:  
moss-pool, marsh-green, quaking peat  
hold no tread of forgotten feet:  
failed is the hearth-fire, stands no more  
cob in the stable, dog at the door:  
the man, the woman, somewhere clay,  
nameless their dwelling,  
now nameless they.

Timeless, unmemoried, reigns the hill:  
the wind walks blindly, sighs and is still,  
nothing remembers, nothing knows.  
Soft in the silence,  
still speaks the rose.



## BONES

MRS. CRUMPLE, the lady who is good enough to assist Edith with a little of the housework for three hours on Tuesdays and Fridays, is as far removed as possible in appearance and manner from the charwoman of ancient days. She dresses neatly and quietly, like the more fastidious of the people who employ her, and she can only be distinguished from them by the fact that her clothes are a shade newer and more expensive. Nor is her manner of speaking in the least reminiscent of the old type of charwoman. The only fault that even Edith can find with it is that it is at times a trifle patronizing and B.B.C.-ish.

Only in the matter of her bones does Mrs. Crumple reveal to the connoisseur that she comes of a long line of casual domestic assistants. The bones of Mrs. Crumple, like the bones of her charwoman grandmother Mrs. Copperdew and the bones of her Obliger mother, Mrs. Grisket, have a strange prophetic quality. I remember my great-uncle Percy cleaning up a pile on the last Derby before the 1914 war by putting his faith in Mrs. Copperdew's bones. Friends who were intimately acquainted with jockeys and owners

recommended this horse and that, but on the day before the race Mrs. Copperdew suddenly announced that she felt it in her bones that Durbar II would be first past the post. Knowing Mrs. Copperdew's bones of old, my great-uncle Percy sold the last of the family portraits and saved himself from bankruptcy by putting the lot on Durbar II, who romped home.

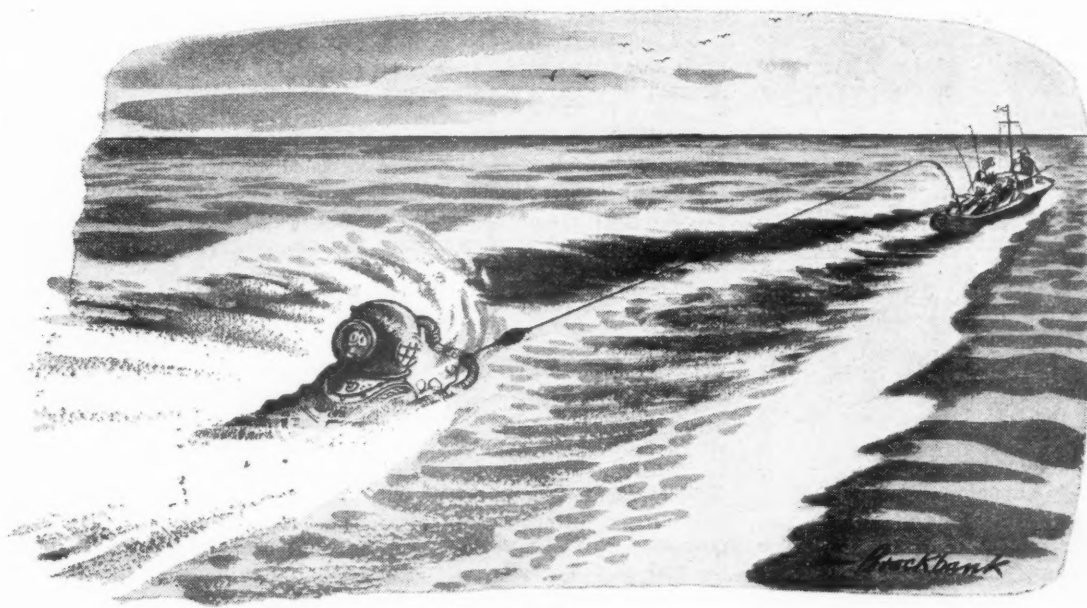
Mrs. Grisket's bones were no whit inferior to her mother's. Major decisions were rarely taken in our family without consulting Mrs. Grisket's bones. Long before even Winston Churchill had begun to warn us against the rise of the Nazi Party, Mrs. Grisket told us repeatedly that there was a bad time coming. She felt it in her bones from the first that Hitler was a man who was up to no good. Her bones also forecast that we would go off the gold standard in 1931, and she gave us the winner of the St. Leger in 1937 and 1938 and prophesied the white Christmases of 1939 and 1940.

For the last three years Sympson has employed Mrs. Crumple for an hour a week, ostensibly to tidy up his flat, but really, as he frankly admits, to have the use of her bones to help him in his political career.

Sympson has gained considerable reputation as a political prophet in the constituency for which he is prospective candidate. His successes are attributed to deep study and wise political insight. Actually he owes them to Mrs. Crumple's bones. Her bones foresaw the fuel crisis of 1946-47 while Mr. Shinwell was still in a state of complacency, and her bones had devalued the pound long before the idea appears to have occurred to Sir Stafford Cripps.

At the moment Sympson's main anxiety is the date of the forthcoming General Election. Political friends who claim to be "in the know" are constantly drawing him aside and telling him in the strictest confidence that it will undoubtedly take place in January, February, March, April, May or June. But even if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were to say quite definitely that the Government did not intend to go to the country before July Sympson would not be quite certain of a January election. He does not intend to order his black jacket and pin-stripe trousers for the campaign until advised to do so by Mrs. Crumple's bones.

D. H. BARBER





## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, October 24th

**T**O the neutral and unimpassioned onlooker, there was something of the air of a charade about to-day's proceedings in the House of Commons. The impression was not lessened by the fact that (as is often the case with charades) the climax turned out to be something of an anticlimax.

Everybody knew, in advance, that the word chosen was "Economy," but Ministers played their parts manfully and strode in with set lips, sat grimly with folded arms. Nobody got a cheer, all through Question-hour, and even attacks on the Press went almost unnoticed and unapplauded. The atmosphere was heavy with rumour—much of it kindly provided (as the theatrical programmes say) by Ministers themselves, who had talked of "unpleasant" shocks to come for all.

So, when the time came for Mr. ATTLEE to suspend his busy doodling on the back of an agenda-paper and make his long-awaited statement, there was not a vacant seat, not an inch of unused standing-space, in the House. Princess ELIZABETH and Princess MARGARET sat with the Speaker's wife in the Gallery, and noble Lords found precarious seats on the roof of the Throne canopy.

At three-twenty-nine Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS skipped nimbly into his place by the Premier's side, and at three-thirty Mr. Speaker called on Mr. ATTLEE to speak. He did so at high speed and without drama. Indeed, the only dramatic "effect" was the deep, rumbling running commentary that came from Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, sitting alertly opposite.

But Mr. ATTLEE went steadily on. Economies, he said, were to be made by the Government and they would amount to some £250,000,000. (*Stony silence from all sides.*) About £140,000,000 of this would come from capital expenditure, and, eventually, there would be considerable

savings on the Defence Services. (*Mr. Churchill rumbled ominously.*)

It was proposed to charge 1d. more for a school meal and to cut down free transport facilities for school-children. (*"Oh!" cried Government supporters.*) Administrative spending by the Ministry of Food would be cut by £1,700,000, mainly by concentrating local offices and "dropping some refinements of control." (*Loud laughter from the Opposition.*) Certain parts of the "free" legal aid scheme were to be postponed, and a cool million would be lopped off the cost of the Festival



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

94. Sir John Anderson  
(Scottish Universities)

of Britain. (*Mr. Herbert Morrison looked suitably grieved.*)

It was proposed, said Mr. ATTLEE, to make a charge of not more than 1s. for each prescription under the National Health Service. (*Cries of "Shame!" from behind Ministers.*) This would reduce excessive and unnecessary calls on the Service (old age pensioners being exempt), and save about £10,000,000—although this was not the primary aim of the cut. The price of dried and frozen eggs, of raisins and of fish would go up. The £36,000,000 subsidy on animal feeding-stuffs would end in February. And the whole structure of the Armed Forces would be reviewed, to see what could be done later on to save on them without impairing their efficiency. (*Signs of unrest behind Ministers.*)

And that was all. Although everybody knew the solution to the

charade, the Opposition was clearly inclined to dispute (as charade-solvers so often are) the validity and adequacy of the components of the word "Economy," as presented by the cast. Mr. CHURCHILL was up in a moment with a critical note in his voice, and Mr. EDEN demanded a White Paper to explain, in clear terms, what the Premier meant by a statement that was *not* clear.

But Mr. ATTLEE said, to the plain surprise of most of the House, that it was too difficult to frame a White Paper; and Members hurried out to talk over the whole thing among themselves, wondering if this really *was* all, or whether some subtle "hidden meaning" had yet to be discovered.

Tuesday, October 25th

Erosion—the kind that affects coasts, not Governments—was the subject under debate in the Commons to-day, but most Members seemed to have engagements elsewhere, and the discussion was not exciting.

As a sort of footnote to yesterday's proceedings, Mr. ATTLEE was asked to reduce the salaries of M.P.s from £1,000 to the £600 they used to be, but the Prime Minister replied in writing: "No, sir."

The clash of politics was suspended for a few moments for the leaders of all Parties to pay tributes of respect to Mr. J. R. ("Johnnie") Clynes, once a Lancashire mill-boy, once a Labour Cabinet Minister, once almost Prime Minister, who died yesterday at the age of eighty. Mr. ATTLEE, speaking with feeling, mentioned Mr. Clynes' humility, ability and friendliness, and said he would be sorely missed by those who had served with him in the House. Mr. EDEN and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES associated themselves and their parties with this tribute.

Their Lordships were talking on the Bill to re-define the duties of Justices of the Peace, and they sat



*"Poor old Guy! He only wanted to force an autumn election!"*

until eleven P.M. Lord JOWITT, the Lord Chancellor, expressed the view that, from the point of view of juvenile discipline, "grandparents are apt to be rather a menace." But it is strenuously denied that the Government regards a Grandparents (Suppression) Bill as coming within its mandate from the electors.

#### Wednesday, October 26th

The star in the Commons to-day was not the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who

House of Commons:  
The Voice of Eden

opened the economy debate, but Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, who spoke next. Casting aside his notes, he let himself go—and shocked the rather restive Government benches into respectfully attentive silence. It was when he was complaining that the Government did not appear to have thought out its economy plans, but to have made a few hastily in the past fortnight, that the familiar challenge came from the Ministerial benches: "What would you do?"

Mr. EDEN replied with a tornado

of suggestions. He proposed that a small charge might be made, not only for cotton-wool and aspirins, under the Health Service, but for wigs, spectacles and dentures, too. And as for food subsidies . . . (here the critics prepared to pounce)—as for food subsidies, well, they were being given now to many who did not need them, and, in fact, formed a sort of subsidy for drinks and smokes, for the average benefit from food subsidies was 3s. 2d. a week, whereas the average amount spent on tobacco and alcohol was 11s. 6d.

This line of approach startled the critics by turning their own guns against them, and when Mr. EDEN went on to advocate bigger, rather than smaller, family allowances and tax reliefs for the lower-paid workers the Government benches were in disarray. It was a hard-hitting but constructive speech that delighted Mr. EDEN's friends.

The Chancellor's story was the all-too-familiar one about the need for greater effort if the country is to survive the economic blizzard, and

the only new thing in it was an even more urgent appeal than usual that all should pull together, for this might be the last chance to do so.

#### Thursday, October 27th

No casual visitor to the House of Commons this evening would have thought the subject of debate was the economic

House of Commons:  
Interval for Comedy

crisis. Members rocked with joyous laughter which went on and on and on. The cause? One of those domestic jokes which so much divert honourable Members—Mr. CHURCHILL and Sir JOHN ANDERSON, sitting side by side, appeared to be engaged in a dispute about what Sir JOHN had just said on Gold Standards, dollars and the rest. Mr. MORRISON was "Mr. Interlocutor," and Massa CHURCHILL and Massa ANDERSON seemed to be enjoying it all as much as anybody. But to your scribe it seemed a regrettable intermission in so grave a debate.

Mr. CHURCHILL and the P.M. wound up and the Government won the day by 352 votes to 222.





*"Do you think we're doing wrong, dear, meeting in secret like this?"*

### THE MAN ON THE BUS

THE conductor went along the bus to where the man was sitting in one of the front seats with the woman. "Two tuppennies, please," the man said to him, and watched while the tickets were being punched. Then he added: "And a penny half."

"Three-'apenny?" asked the conductor, poised.

The man said "No. What I want is a penny half. For a child. Half a tuppenny. A half fare." He was finished.

The woman put her oar in with a splash. "That was all you needed to ask for in the first place," she said. "A half fare, that's all. Two tuppennies and a half. The conductor

isn't silly. He can work out what half of tuppence comes to."

The man said "Can he?" and continued to hold his hand out.

"There's no need for you to be insulting, guv'nor," the conductor said, and gave him the tickets. Then he turned round and went to the back of the bus to go downstairs.

"They've only got to say what they mean," the man and the woman heard him complaining to another conductor who was sitting there on one of the end seats, as if he was going on duty. "You'd know what to give them then."

"I know what I'd give some of them," the other conductor

threatened darkly. There seemed to be reason to think that he was not a conductor who was going on duty after all, but one who was coming off.

The man looked round. They were staring at him hatefully. "Beats me why they have to go and sit up in those front seats," the first conductor went on. "There's me with what you might say an empty bus, and they get on, and climb upstairs, and then go marching all the way down the end to look at the traffic out of the window or something." He raised his voice offensively. "Like a lot of blooming kids."

The man said to the woman, "Well, I wouldn't have done it for myself of course. But you know how children like to look out of the window." Their eyes wandered over to the child who was with them. He was sitting with his feet up on the other seat, reading a comic.

"Tickets, please," said another voice, and looking up they saw the face of the inspector. "Well, give him the tickets," said the woman. The man opened his hand. In its sweating palm there was a mound of little bits of paper, like somewhat unimaginatively coloured confetti. The conductor and the inspector gave each other the look of those who come across all sorts in their job, then the inspector shut his little book and followed the conductor downstairs.

They were standing together on the conductor's platform when the man and the woman came down with the child to get off. The two sides looked at each other in a silence that was overflowing with words. The conductor was the first to break it. "People!" he said, in a voice of contempt, clicking his tongue against his teeth. The man gave the syllables time to crystallize out in the air. Then he turned to the woman. "Well, there's one good thing at any rate," he said. "If we'd been on a country bus we'd have had to meet the driver as well."

5 5

### Market for Pre-War Models

"Group-Head Copywriter required: able to produce original ideas which have not been thought of lately."

*Advt. in "The Times"*

## AT THE PLAY

*The Diary of a Scoundrel* (ARTS)—*Top Secret* (WINTER GARDEN)

ONE reason why such a strangely modern note is struck to-day by the Russian satirists of the last century is that so many of their dimmer characters turn out to be members of a swollen Civil Service. The jest is once again a good one, and nobody could blame Mr. RODNEY ACKLAND if, as I suspect, he has added a little malice to this aspect of *The Diary of a Scoundrel*, his amusing adaptation of a comedy by OSTROVSKY.

It is the story of a heartless social climber who plans every step in a ruthless ascent and has only a single weakness, his passion for putting on to paper his secret opinion of the dupes he flatters, whom he sees with diabolical clarity: of the rich uncle who spends advice like water, the silly flirtatious aunt, the retired general set in tradition as in plaster of Paris, and the well-found widow drowning the regrets of middle age in a long orgy of clairvoyance. When at last the diary is discovered and read out to its victims its author is unabashed. In the play's most effective scene he reminds them that each would have been delighted by what was said about the others if only the passages referring to themselves could have been kept private, and he persuades them that a commentator of his calibre is an essential leaven in a society such as theirs. From being

about to be torn asunder he becomes in an instant a hero. The whole party dashes after him into the garden to bring him back, but he has already slipped into the room again by a side door, and on their

FANNY TAYLOR for sets showing unusual imagination.

Mr. ALAN MELVILLE has turned to only very moderate account the bit of friction we had lately in Latin

*[The Diary of a Scoundrel]*

## Innocence Abroad

Yegor Dimitrich Gloumov—MR. ALEC CLUNES; Kleopatra Mamaeva—MISS NOËL DYSON; General Kroutitzky—MR. HENRY HEWITT

return his victims find him once more gleefully at work on his diary. It makes an exceptionally neat final curtain.

The play is full of pleasing ironies, and its guying of the bogus-psychic is great fun. (The widow, who keeps two esoteric Chiefs of Staff, heavy with shawls and portents, also employs a dram-drinking gipsy augur willing to fall into the most sonorous trance for a mere two fingers of vodka, and is responsible for the following memorable line: "Don't be silly—a Hussar can't appear as a vision!") It would have been still funnier, however, if Mr. ROY RICH had not been infected by the craze, common among modern producers, to burlesque the nineteenth century. The scenes taken straight are much the best, and Mr. ALEC CLUNES, who plays the scoundrel splendidly, gets far more out of him when permitted to be solemn. The cast is the soundest I have seen lately—Miss JEANNE DE CASALIS, Mr. HENRY HEWITT and Mr. NICHOLAS MEREDITH particularly shine—and special credit goes to Miss

America over rights in the Antarctic. His comedy, *Top Secret*, should have been called *The Liquor of Wakefield*, for the British Ambassador to Costamala is so steadily and tediously on the bottle that Mr. HUGH WAKEFIELD must swallow gallons in the course of the evening. Mr. MELVILLE's jokes recur with a sad lack of invention. A comedy containing so many indifferent lines can hardly be saved, but Mr. WAKEFIELD himself, Mr. TOM GILL, with his languid, bartending young diplomat, and Miss JOAN LANG, with her mousy and lovable secretary, do their best. Mr. WAKEFIELD's optical asides to the audience would stir laughter in a statistician with influenza.

ERIC KEOWN

## Recommended

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER—*New*—Another winner in the Old Vic repertory.

DEATH OF A SALESMAN—*Phoenix*—First-rate American tragedy, with Paul Muni.

\*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(\* Suitable for young people)

*[Top Secret]*

## South America, Take It Away

Salvador di Breno—MR. FREDERICK VALK

Sir Christopher Winter—MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD

## A MATTER OF DETAIL

"AH! those beautiful backgrounds," said a visitor to the exhibition, "Gerard David and his Followers," recently held, under the auspices of the Arts Council and the Belgian Ministry of Education, at the Wildenstein Gallery in London. The visitor was further understood to say, with a sigh, "They don't paint detail like that nowadays"—which is an interesting matter for debate.

The detail of the Early Netherlandish School, to which Gerard David belonged, is, without question, remarkable. Its members dwelt on every item with uniform care. Their pictures were like treasure chests in which separate gems of minute workmanship were heaped together to await admiring inspection one by one.

David, a Hollander who settled in the great commercial and artistic metropolis of Bruges in 1484, following in the footsteps of Jan van Eyck and other famous masters, is especially noted for the miniature beauty of his crowded compositions; delightful small landscapes seen through a window or over the battlements of a city wall: sharp little glimpses of the streets and buildings of Bruges in its late mediæval prosperity. Is it the growing carelessness of mankind, a declining sense of beauty, that has caused this peculiar skill to disappear? On the contrary, it is a natural

development. Gerard David worked in his miniature fashion for the good reason that he was a miniaturist and an illuminator of manuscripts as well as a picture painter in the modern sense. It was that historical moment when the manuscript book was about to disappear before the advance of printing. On a larger scale and with different materials the painter still used the fine technique with which he decorated the vellum page. Yet his problem had altered and so also in

due course did his method. The decoration of a manuscript book could not be anything but an assemblage of small separate details. A picture for separate display required much more unity in its composition and, logically, the part must have a new and subordinate relation to the whole. Gerard David does not always attain it. In some of his compositions it is extremely difficult for the eye to concentrate on the main theme or the general effect. Baffled by the equal value of each item, it singles out one to look at and disregards the rest. The stirring moment when a corrupt judge is arrested produces only the temptation to look out of the pictured window at the marvellous little view the artist has painted outside the court-room.

Later, artists were to realize more clearly that they could not have everything: in other words that detail or general effect must be

sacrificed one to the other. The question resolved itself into choosing, or striking a balance, between the general and the particular. It has never been an easy choice or one finally settled. One might have thought that detail such as the early Netherlandish painters excelled in had gone for ever if, in the middle of the nineteenth century, there had not suddenly appeared those amazing English Pre-Raphaelites—as scrupulously minute as David himself.

Was it, as they maintained, "truth to nature" to paint every leaf and blade of grass with individual care? In a sense it was; but "truth to nature" was also the aim of their near-contemporaries the French Impressionists who chose the directly opposite path (in their different way no less truthfully) and eliminated details in favour of the general impression of light and atmosphere.

There remains the fact that the supreme artist can produce an effect of perfect and coherent simplicity with a thousand details: David's greater predecessor, Jan van Eyck, did so in his portrait of the Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and Giovanna Cerami (as the new National Gallery catalogue renders the title of the famous picture): or with the fewest, as Whistler did in the Portrait of his Mother. To describe such genius one may fall back on Rossetti's phrase—"fundamental brainwork."

WILLIAM GAUNT





## BOOKING OFFICE

## A Critical Scrapbook

WE are now living through the transition from a Classical to a Romantic movement, which makes it easy for us to see how misleading and how regrettably useful such categories are. Mr. E. F. Carritt, the philosopher, has illuminated the past of these and similar concepts by publishing a commonplace book he has kept during a lifetime of reading. *A Calendar of British Taste from 1600 to 1800* covers the two centuries from Spenser to the Lake Poets and quotes, year by year, extracts from a wide range of sources illustrating contemporary attitudes to Nature and Art. He never hesitates to include an item because it is more entertaining than important, and his collection should amuse the casual reader as well as stimulate the student of the history of criticism.

In his introduction Mr. Carritt says: "Almost the only development I can trace is that at one time the school of classical authority can command the Press or the Chairs in the Universities and coffee-houses, so that its opponents appear as disreputable innovators, and at another it cannot, but itself plays the part of reactionary rebel." A rapid reading certainly gives the impression that there were always people who liked Shakespeare and others who found him primitive and slapdash, people who admired Gothic and people who preferred Palladian, lovers of trim gardens and lovers of wild crags; but closer examination shows that the impression is misleading. A few heretics do not make a climate of opinion, at least not immediately, and the general trend is very marked. Although to label any particular writer Classical or Romantic may be unjustly limiting, to label the period from the Restoration to the American War Classical and the periods before and after Romantic is statistically accurate.

Only a hundred pages out of four hundred and fifty represent the seventeenth century, which presumably reflects a smaller bulk of critical writing. This is what one would expect; Stuart England had genius, Hanoverian England taste. The decline is clear from the Georgian extracts; some are charming, sensible, or delightfully wrong-headed, but hardly any have that gleam of a golden age which touches even the slightest in the earlier sections. The traditional idea of Georgian England as agreeable but mediocre was temporarily superseded in the pre-war years by an inflated estimate, due partly to admiration for French civilization of the same period, and partly to the desire to show up the drabness of the Industrial Revolution by contrasting it with the glories of the immediate past. Probably, however, a good deal of the squalor of the new manufacturing towns was traceable to their construction by men with minds formed in eighteenth-century moulds; the seventeenth century would have made a better job of it.

One of the pleasures of a book like this is that it encourages the reader to ramble in a wilderness of unprovable but enjoyable assertion. It also arouses an irresistible desire to quote. There are lists of plays

seen by Pepys with his comments, auction prices of pictures, notes on changes of drinking habits and university studies, which all give background and body to more formal extracts on Aristotle, Rhyme, the Sublime and whether Shakespeare's language needed refining. There are many charming oddities—for instance, the information that Woburn Abbey bought brandy from the oilman, and that in 1717 the Drury Lane pantomime was "The Loves of Mars and Venus."

There are finer couplets, but few more memorable, than Rochester's lines to a monkey:

*"Kiss me, thou curious miniature of man,  
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!"*

Shadwell, regretting the manners and architecture of Merrie England, cries, "I hate to see fine Italian buildings with no meat or drink in 'em." Collier remarks, "Shakespeare's genius was jocular, but when disposed he could be very serious." Horace Walpole, who comes out very well, complains, "the great front of Versailles is a lumber of littlenesses . . . a garden for a great child." (Versailles has to take a good many knocks.) The extreme opposite of Louis XIV must have been Beckford, who instructed his architect that Fonthill was to be "an ornamental building which should have the appearance of a convent, be partly in ruins, and yet contain some weatherproof apartments." Among Mr. Carritt's happiest finds are some scales of poets, with their qualities marked and the results added to give a final place. One of them ranks Shakespeare fifth equal with Cowley and another puts Spenser fifth with Corneille.

Whatever their judgment, all these English worthies had gusto and respect for the Arts. No one seems bored and there are no philistines; if there had been, Mr. Carritt would have known all about them and quoted their views to maintain the comprehensiveness of his record.

R. G. G. PRICE



*"You can't possibly see Mr. Perkins this morning—he's broken his glasses."*

### Creole Days and Ways

To introduce American girls to a gracious pattern of past youth, Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes has written the young life of Marie-Louise Villeré, who, as Mrs. Fernand Claiborne, united the oldest French to the oldest English stock in New Orleans. A period-piece of more than usual enchantment, this study of the eighteen-eighties should repeat its American success here. Perhaps Mr. Rochester's dusky bride is responsible for the common English view that a Creole is a half-caste? Strictly, one must be of pure Spanish or French descent, but born in the New World, to qualify. It was her noble French lineage that determined Marie-Louise's education behind such golden bars of propriety as served to enhance her glimpses of the world. And such a world! An aristocracy built on bygone slavery and the personal initiative of planters is responsible for the airs, graces, food, frocks, operas and carnivals of *Once on Esplanade*. Responsible too for its heroine's rare measure of dignity and devotion.

H. P. E.

### A Welcome Reprint

Just after the First War Miss Victoria Sackville-West wrote *The Heir*, and since then time and taxation have only added to its point. She called it a love-story, as indeed it is, but the love described is a man's enchantment by an old house. Her hero, a dry business-man from the Midlands, comes into a family property in Kent at the death of a remote aunt, and, finding a heavy mortgage, is easily bullied by a lawyer into agreeing to sell. At first the dignity of the place is intimidating, but during the weeks before the auction the house grows on him. Its beauty and ancient peace gradually dissolve his dream of a villa outside Wolverhampton, and after a few shy visits to his tenants he discovers unexpected bonds between their world and his. It is a moving little story, quietly and sensitively told, and the sudden rebellion that flames up at the end seems the answer to nostalgic prayer.

E. O. D. K.



### Dual Control

Sidney and Beatrice Webb as they presented themselves to candid friends and eminent colleagues appear side by side in a volume edited by Margaret Cole and illustrated mainly by portraits of Bernard Shaw. Their most intriguing and quite charming attitude towards one another, a miracle of affectionately objective co-operation, is here shown matched by a relentlessly scientific outlook on a world made up of sociological units rather than men and women, a world in which their business was to hunt and classify facts, despise emotions and fit all comers into a category. With writers like Kingsley Martin, Desmond MacCarthy, Lord Beveridge and G. D. H. Cole among the contributors the book could hardly be dull, and indeed, though a certain remoteness from human reality has impressed all these observers, the cumulative effect—in *The Webbs and Their Work*—of nearly a score of outbursts of frankness, admiration and genuine if sometimes rather nervous affection is an appreciation of quite extraordinary appeal.

C. C. P.

### Far Away

George Preedy's new novel, *The Sacked City*, contains a fairly ordinary story translated into fairy-tale in a way that will charm or irritate readers according to their moods and taste. The hero, Romilly, has maimed his brother in an accident made more unfortunate because they were both in love with the same woman. He seeks escape from gossip and his own misery by visiting a cousin who lives in the city on a Northern island where the sun shines for twenty hours a day in summer and the minds of the people are drenched in legend. Here he meets a cool young girl who plays with silver bells, some Danish adventurers and an antagonistic lawyer. Allegory, legend and romance all bestow faint airs and graces on the story. There is a murder and there are many heart-searchings, but the characters are too remote to be loved or hated, and most of their motives too inconclusive.

B. E. B.

### Books Reviewed Above

*A Calendar of British Taste from 1600-1800.* E. F. Carritt. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21/-).

*Once on Esplanade.* Frances Parkinson Keyes. (Hollis and Carter, 6/-)

*The Heir.* Victoria Sackville-West. (Richards Press, 6/-)

*The Webbs and Their Work.* Edited by Margaret Cole. (Muller, 15/-)

*The Sacked City.* George Preedy. (Hodder and Stoughton, 8/6)

### Other Recommended Books

*England Yesterday and To-day.* Edited by F. Alan Walbank. (Batsford, 15/-) Anthology of scenes from novels, 1837-1937

(Trollope to Graham Greene, Thackeray to Evelyn Waugh), chosen to illustrate social history. Pictures (Cruikshank to Henry Moore) chosen in the same way. Handsome volume full of instruction and entertainment.

*Buffers End.* Emmett. (Faber, 12/6) A fifth collection of line and half-tone drawings from *Punch*. The publishers say "Every page illustrated"—which is, as Emmett fans may guess, putting it mildly.

*Frank Harris.* Hugh Kingsmill. (John Lehmann, 6/-) Reprint, in the pleasing and pocketable "Holiday Library," of the immensely entertaining and perceptive biography first published in 1932.



*"I don't know whether you realize, Watson, but every time you have a rise I have a cut."*

## REFLECTIONS ON A PROPHECY

IN a week of unusually severe crises at home and abroad the weather correspondent of a national newspaper has been prophesying the coldest winter since 1946-47. "Spells of easterly and north-easterly winds . . . may bring unbroken cold waves," he says; and he does not neglect to remind us that when last May he forecast a phenomenal summer he turned out to be absolutely right.

I don't know whether the prophecy depresses you; I shouldn't be surprised. Personally I find myself looking forward to a cold winter with a certain relish. Not because I would rather freeze than burn, but because I have just installed a new kitchen range; I await with pathetic eagerness an opportunity to match it against the worst the weather can do.

The old range, installed when the house was built at the beginning of the century, has gone. Two weeks ago I watched workmen hoist on to their lorry the last scrap of twisted metal; it fell with a solemn clang upon the heap of flues and tubes and sheets of iron already loaded, and away they went. I turned back into the house, whose atmosphere seemed lighter and larger, as though purged of a persistently troublesome ghost; but for myself there was regret. The range had defeated me; and though it was only one among many defeats by similar things—tap-washers, gas-lighters, fuse-boxes, electric irons—the battle had been too merciless and protracted for me to shrug defeat away.

I remembered how I had fallen upon the range with cries of joy

when we first moved in, noting with admiration the flues and ovens, the four hotplates for saucepans, the dampers with their encouraging insignia "Slow," "Fast," "Very Hot," "Danger," the trivet attached to the firebars for the purpose of boiling bright copper kettles.

I suppose I should have been warned by what happened when, having noticed that the trivet would not turn on its pivot, I sought to ease it. I gave it a tap with a hammer, as gentle as the tap with which a barman reminds a customer of forgotten change; it broke off, and from the depths of the stove came a faint rumble, as of a sudden subsidence.

The sweep came and prodded about with brushes and curved pieces of iron, taking away with him half a hundredweight of ash, clinker,



cigarette ends, dead birds and two left-handed gloves. "It'll be all right now," he said, and that day we lit the fire. We piled on fuel until the kitchen was as hot as a waiting-room in hell and the water-pipes became unbearable to the touch. At three P.M. the boiler behind the fire uttered a deep groan, like a sleeper disturbed by a bad dream. At six the water-tank said "Dunk." At nine it said "Dunk-ga-dunk!" But when I turned on the tap the water trickled thin, rusty and only just warm.

We wrote to the manufacturers, requesting an instruction book. The folder which came back made much use of the words "fast boiling" and "radiant heat," implying that the chief danger in using the range was that meals would cook so quickly they would be ruined before you had time to lay the table. It stressed repeatedly the danger of allowing the water to become too hot. But one glance at the accompanying diagram made it clear that these panegyrics concerned a much later model than our own. We told the makers so, adding the serial number of the range and requesting that if there should remain in their employ anyone who recollected when the model was built he might be invited to assist us.

In return we received a letter from the managing director himself. "I was personally interested to note that your serial number is 256," he wrote. "Unfortunately the last

employee who would remember this model left us five years ago at the age of seventy-five, and is now too old and irascible to be questioned on the matters you name. We have pleasure in enclosing details of our newest models, used by thousands of contented housewives, and we suggest . . ."

After this there were long periods when the range was idle. The fire was lit, but only to warm the room; the pipes became too hot to touch, the tank still grumbled "Dunk-ga-dunk!", the water remained tepid. Sometimes I would toy idly with the controls, turning them from "Very Hot" to "Slow" and noting with bitterness that the only consequence was to release an exceptional number of smuts.

Before the end my interest flickered a little. I summoned an expert to tell me frankly whether repairs were possible and advisable. He pulled ruminatively at the canopy (it came away in his hand before I could warn him) and shook his head.

The plumber who came to tear it down had the easiest job a plumber ever had. He gave it a tap with a chisel (plumbers, you will have observed, always begin a job by tapping it with something), and at once the whole thing collapsed with an earth-shaking crash, a rumbling of falling masonry and a clanging and rending of metal; the plumber stood knee-deep in the ruins, wearing an expression which

resembled a mingling of terror and awe.

Now the new range stands in its place—sleek, cream, portentously solid, strong and squat. When the first frost comes we shall light it. The picture in our mind's eye is bright: kettles purr, the sound of roasting meat penetrates the oven doors, the water bubbles in the tank, and, outside, spells of easterly and north-easterly winds bring unbroken waves of cold lashing the walls; and we don't care.

## NOVEMBER

NOVEMBER skies are clear and blue,

November days are hot.

The temperature is 92

And 92's a lot.

I think of Guy Fawkes, lucky guy,

Whose effigy alone

Is roasted, while the living I

Am cooked in flesh and bone.

I long for fog, I pray for snow.

If only it would hail!

I wish I were an Eskimo.

I die, I faint, I fail!

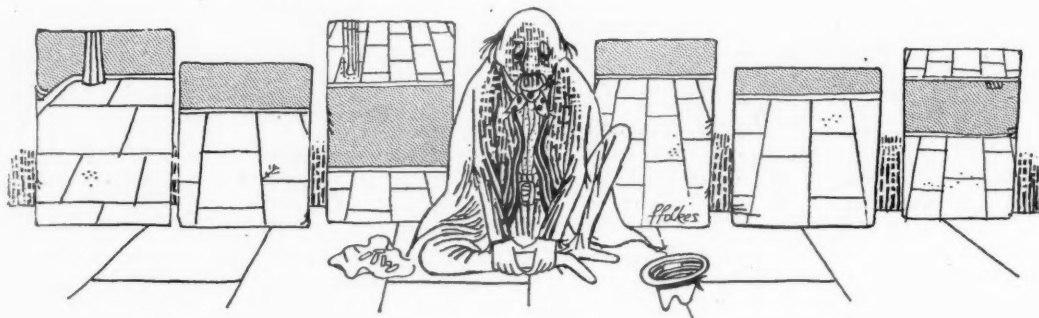
November days are hot and blue,

November skies are clear.

I am, of course, referring to

The Southern Hemisphere.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



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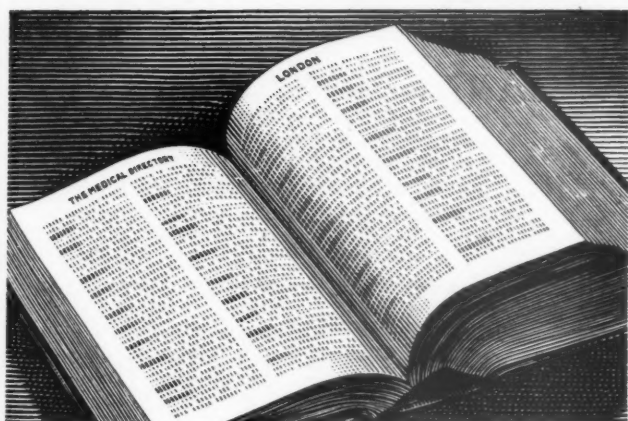




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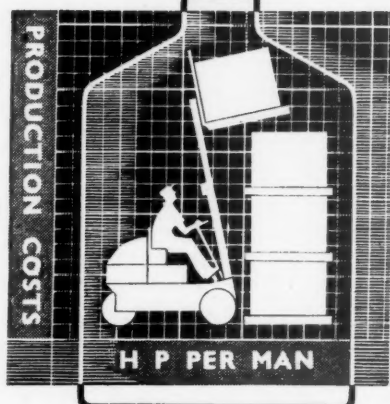
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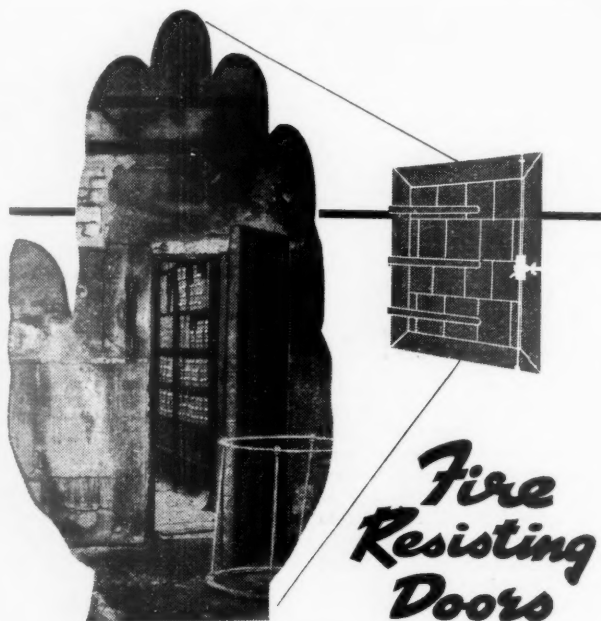
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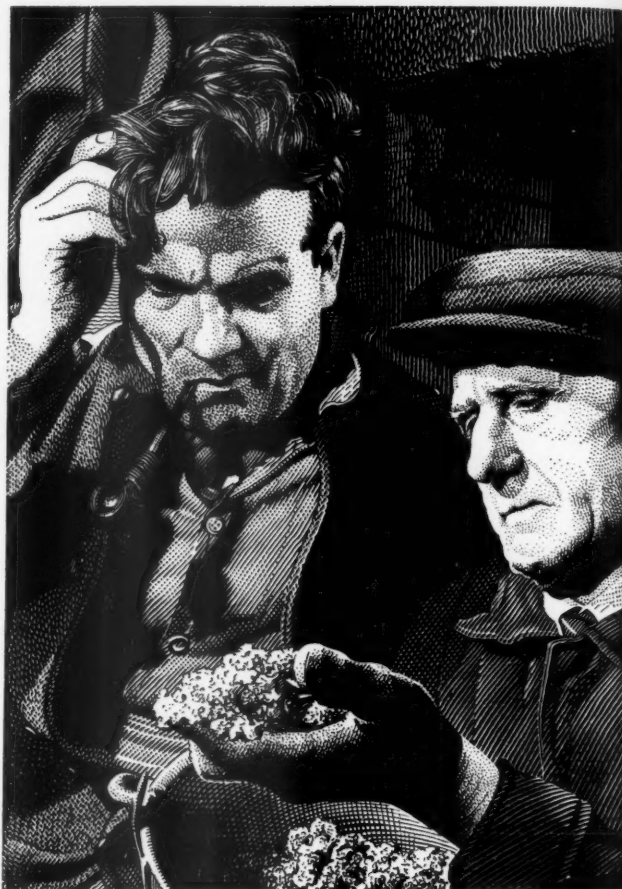
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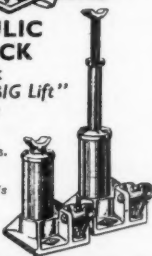


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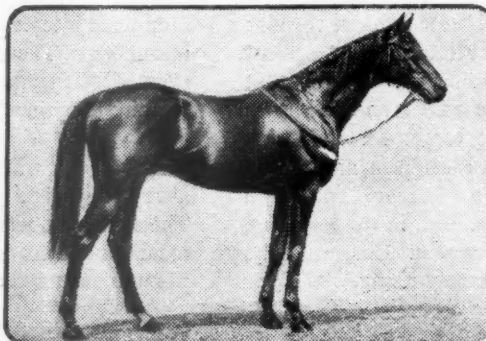
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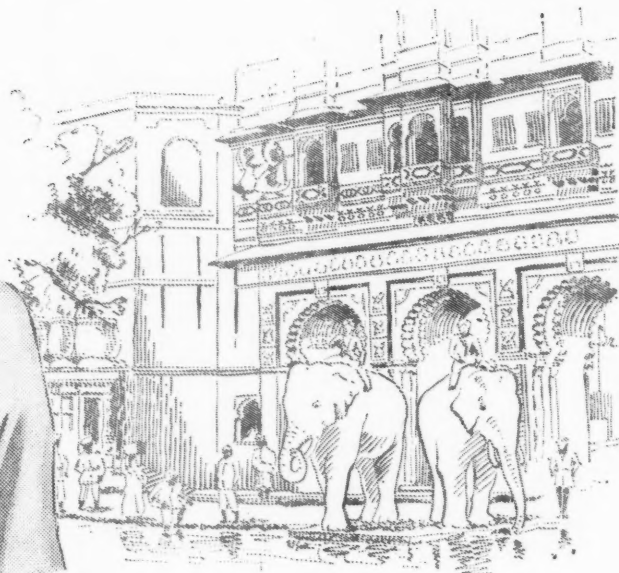
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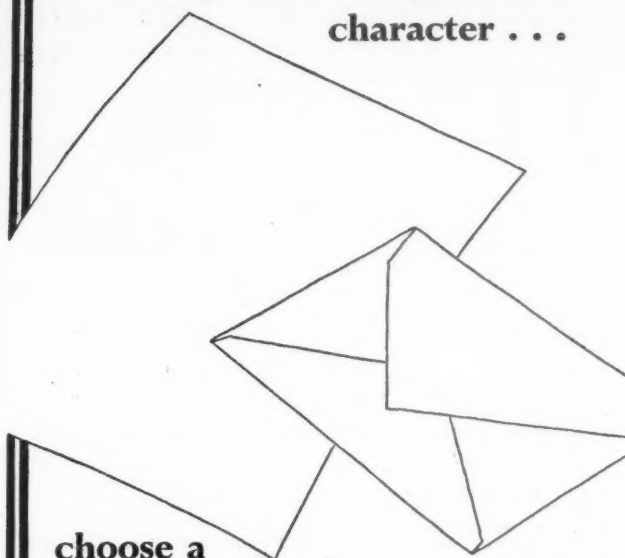
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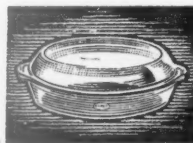
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by Patricia Seymour

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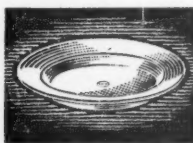
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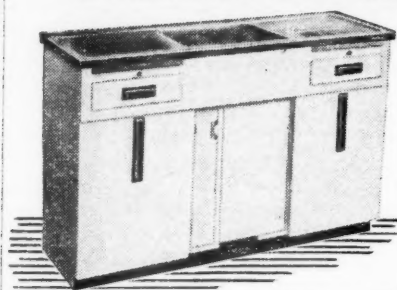
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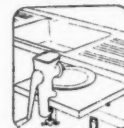
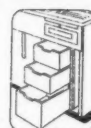
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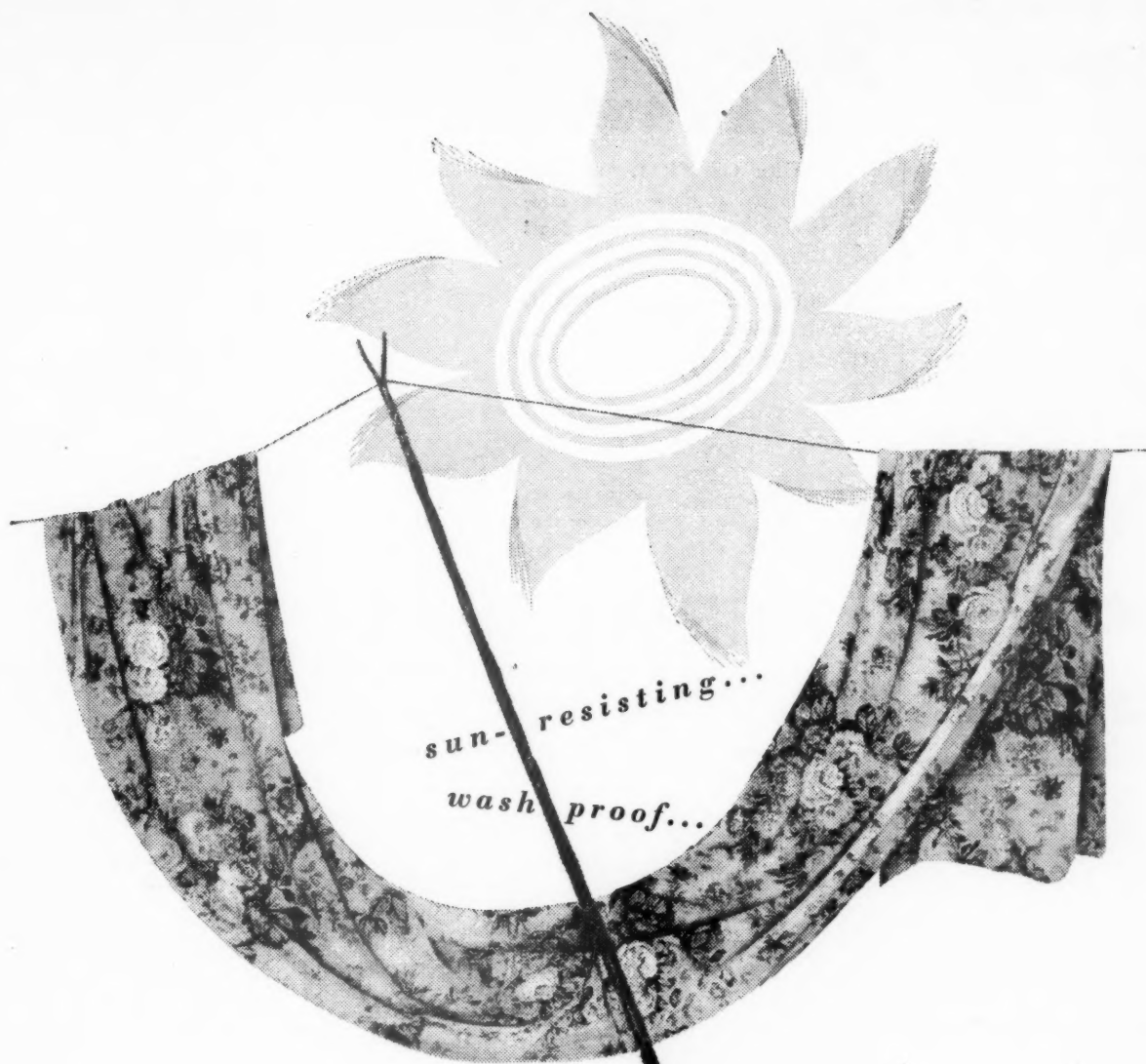
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Soap and water, sun and air—they're as good for the flowers in an Indecolor

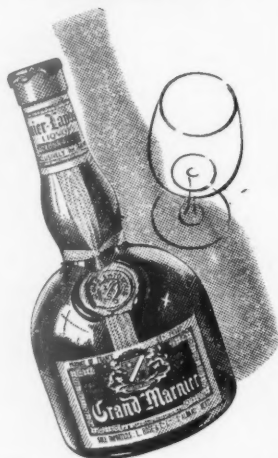
Fabric as they are for the roses in your cheeks. These exquisite fabrics fill  
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"Will you have  
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The civilised answer is  
**Grand Marnier**  
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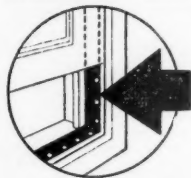
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... With **GENERAL WINTER**  
using his old tactics — silent infil-  
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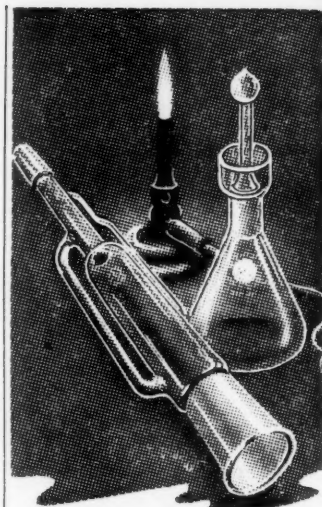
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Suitable for every type of window  
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PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware has  
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glass technicians. Every piece of PYREX  
Brand Glassware, whether it be a simple  
Evaporating Dish or an intricate Soxhlet  
Extractor as here illustrated, is made to  
a definite standard of quality, shape  
and capacity.

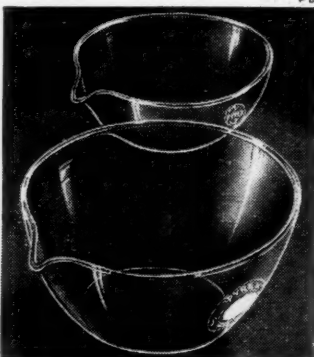
This famous glassware is immune to the  
effects of sudden heat and cold, and of  
all acids except hydrofluoric and glacial  
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degree centigrade, the structure of  
PYREX Brand Glass can be made more  
robust than that of ordinary composition.

It follows therefore, that, as the physical  
and chemical properties are given such  
wide margins of safety, the life of PYREX  
Brand Scientific Glassware is definitely  
lengthened, and thus much of the cost  
of glassware replacement is saved.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is  
supplied only through Laboratory  
Furnishers, but illustrated catalogue and  
two free copies of our Chemist's Notebook  
will be sent direct on application to us,  
which should be written on trade heading  
or accompanied by professional card.

**PYREX**  
Scientific Glassware

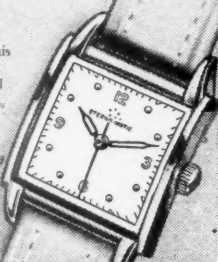
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ETERNA, pioneers in the field of self-  
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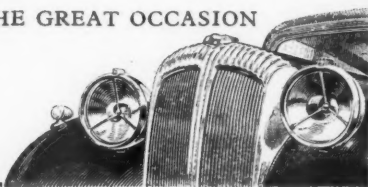
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AS FITTINGLY AS  
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D.46



## He had to hide his invention from men's anger

IN 1779 Samuel Crompton, a mill worker, invented his spinning "mule"—an invention that was to bring untold wealth to Britain. But in those days textile workers feared that the "mule" would throw them out of employment, and Crompton was compelled to hide it in order to save it from destruction. Nevertheless, Crompton persevered with faith and courage. Gradually the confidence of the workers was assured, and Britain's mighty textile industry is the result.

Crompton's dogged spirit lives in Britain today—not least among the men who are successfully struggling to overcome the nation's electricity shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours, and continually new applications of electricity are bringing greater efficiency to our factories and new comforts and conveniences to our homes.



Films can be used to spread knowledge of the latest applications of electricity. The E.D.A. film library is at the free disposal of all interested bodies. Call at your Electricity Service Centre for further particulars, or write to the Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

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Crippled, out of work, utterly tired of life, she knocked at the door of a Salvation Army Hostel. Matron took her in, later giving her a case of needles, wool, cotton and other things to sell. In 12 months she was not only paying her way but had saved £20 in the Post Office. And then—she *insisted* on giving £10 of her savings towards a radio that was badly needed by the Hostel. She's a very happy person now, and life at last has a meaning for her.

We are continually dealing with such cases in our hostels. We know we could still do more. To keep a man or woman for a month costs £10. More funds, and more hostels, are needed. We already have the plans; will you help us—by donation or legacy—to find the money? Please send a gift, marked "Hostels", to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

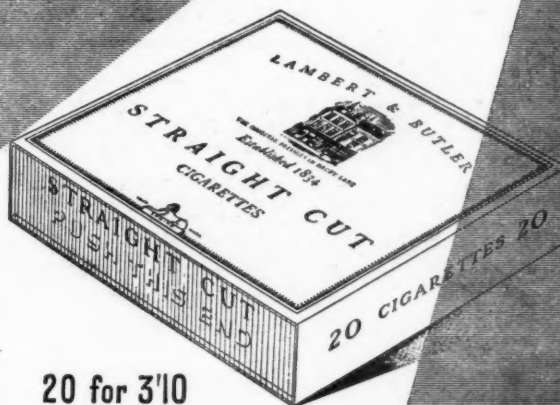
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LONDON, E.C.4.

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LAMBERT & BUTLER'S  
**STRAIGHT CUT**  
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when people meet



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*Uncommonly Good—even among Good Cigarettes*

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S.C.5A





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To their range of French perfumes and Eau de Cologne, Roger & Gallet add *Day Cream*, light and fluffy to cherish your beauty through the stir of the day... and *Night Cream*, full and generous to nourish your skin in the still of the night. Sold in good shops only.



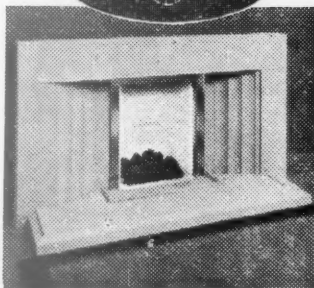
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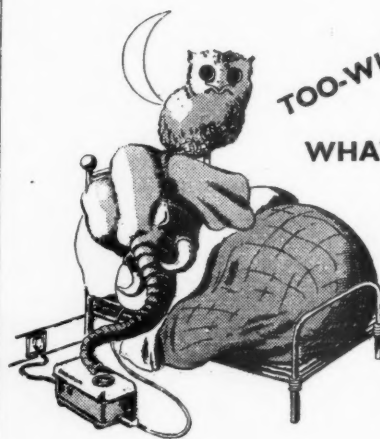
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You sleep on it as there is no danger from its harmless voltage. We shall be pleased to forward the name of your nearest stockist.



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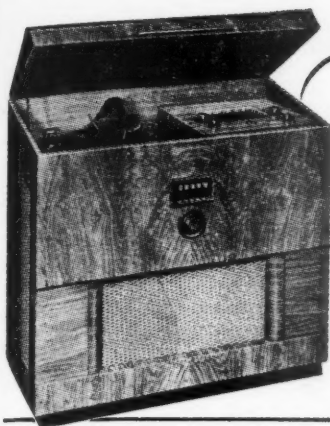
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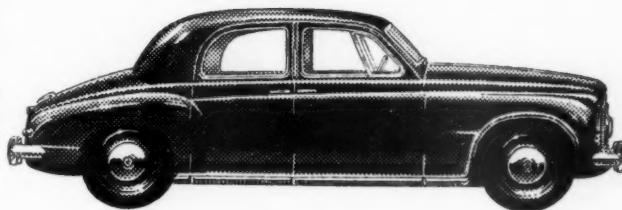
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Use Ekco Lamps—as reliable as Ekco Radio

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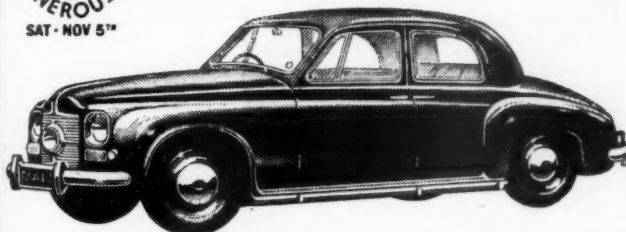
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Progress in profile! Everyone knew that when a new Rover made its appearance, it would not only be an uncommonly fine motor car, but would be of a design prescribed not by fashion but by sound engineering advances. Here it is—the new Rover Seventy-five. Faster, safer, more comfortable and more economical, it is a worthy successor in a high quality lineage, and the latest of Britain's Fine Cars.

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The garden needs grubbing out, and hints grow plainer that your wife's fur coat is not fit to be seen. The superior charlady no longer obliges, and a pile of greasy dishes is your target for tonight. Succumb to temptation and take comfort in the arms of your Parker-Knoll.

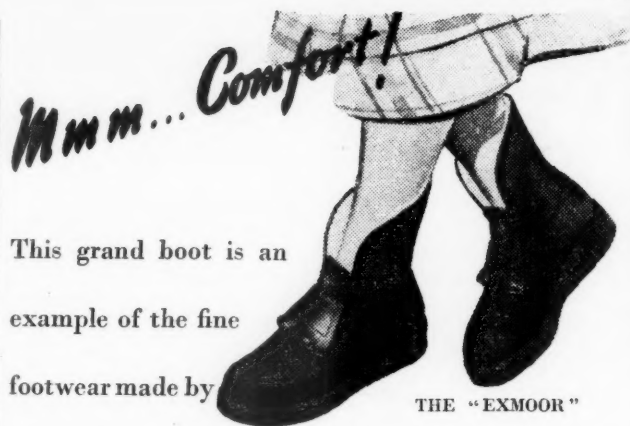


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**CAMPDEN MODEL**  
The name of your nearest stockist and an illustrated folder will be sent you on request. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

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CVS-24



This grand boot is an example of the fine

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THE "EXMOOR"

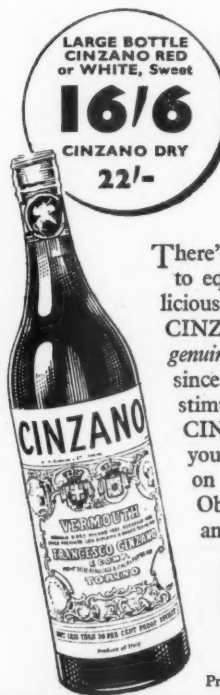
Baily's West Country Craftsmen and is lined with real sheepskin. The worst of the Winter is yet to come, make sure of your Winter warmth by buying NOW.

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Underwear. Slumberwear. Knitwear

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POPPY DAY, SAT. NOV. 5th

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Est. 1815.

Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.

Walk with  
**Liberty**

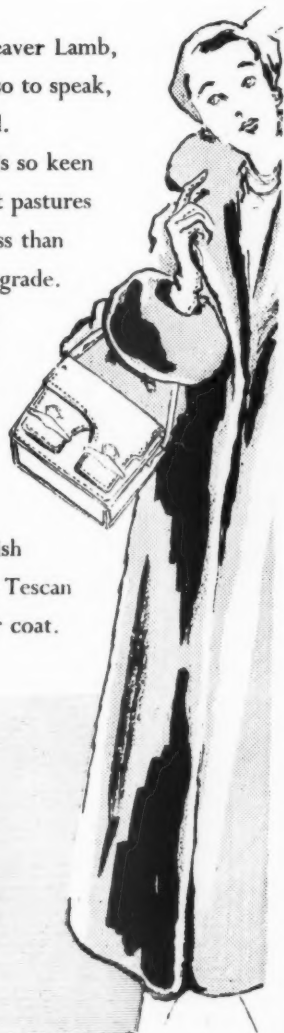


This well-designed shoe is made of soft grained leather. It is unlined and fitted with a soft innersole that makes it astonishingly easy. It will give you comfort, protection and long, hard wear.

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